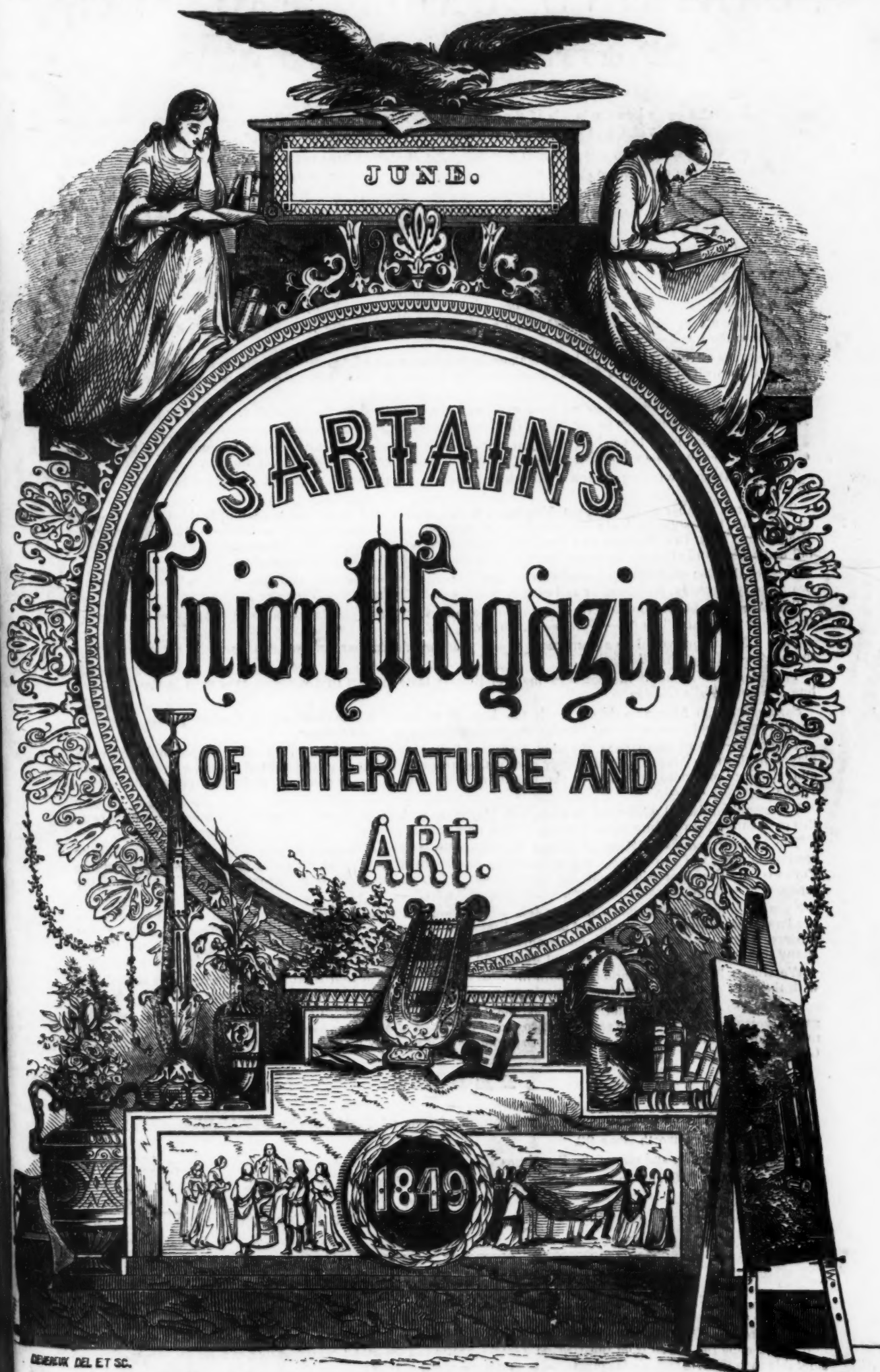


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### SWINDLER.

James Lockwood, who has been soliciting subscriptions for Holden's Magazine, and other periodicals, is a Swindler! The Eaton Register publishes a letter from the proprietor of Holden's Magazine to that effect. The Register says the scamp fleeced the citizens of some \$15 or \$20. "Pass him round."

We copy the above from the Urbana (Ohio) Gazette. This said Lockwood has, we learn, received considerable money for Sartain's Magazine.—He is not an agent of ours!









# SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1849.

No. 6.

## SHENSTONE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

A FRIEND of mine recently purchased, at auction, an old copy of Shenstone. It is illustrated with a portrait and frontispiece representing some kind of aquatic bird peering up from among the reeds, by the side of a little waterfall. There is an eulogistic preface by Dodsley, several pages of tributary verse, and a map of the bard's rural paradise. The care bestowed upon the work, indicates the estimation in which Shenstone was held by his contemporaries; and it is a singular evidence of the mutations of taste to compare these effusions with the order of poetry now in vogue. There is a class of readers who deem the praises lavished upon the modern English poets extravagant; who are impatient at Talfourd's refined analysis of Wordsworth, and Jeffrey's laudation of Campbell. If such cavillers would glance at the volumes before us, and note how tamely the changes are rung on Damons, Melissas, Philomels and Cynthias,—how Phœbus is invoked and Delia dawdled over; what rhymes elegiac wind along as if, like Banquo's issue, they would stretch to the crack of doom,—and then turn to the spirited apostrophes of Byron, or the exquisite sentiment of Tennyson, they would feel, by the force of contrast, what a glorious revolution has taken place in English poetry. Nothing can appear more flat than many of Shenstone's pathetic verses. They are written usually in that sing-song die-away measure, of which "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man" is the everlasting type. Here and there a happy epithet or well chosen image relieves the insipidity of the strain; but in general a thorough Laura-Matildaish tone, so admirably satirised in "Rejected Addresses," falls upon the ear with a dulcet but senseless mono-tone;

"Where is Cupid's crimson motion,  
Billowy ecstasy of wo?  
Bear me straight meandering ocean,  
Where the stagnant torrents flow."

The best verses of the occasional poems, are such as these:

"O may that genius, which secures my rest,  
Preserve this villa for a friend that's dear,  
Ne'er may my vintage glad the sordid breast,  
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be insincere!

Thou knowest how transport thrills the tender breast,  
Where love and fancy fix their opening reign;  
How nature shines in holier colors drest,  
To bless their union, and to grace their train.

Let Ceylon's envy'd plant perfume the seas,  
'Till torn to season the Batavian bowl;  
Ours is the breast whose genuine ardors please,  
Nor need a drug to meliorate the soul."

Such is the usual strain of Shenstone. Did space allow, we would extract the Ballad of Nancy of the Vale, to contrast it with "Poor Susan;" the "Dying Kid" with the "White Doe of Rydstone," in order to illustrate what a reaction from the extreme of artificial pathos to the heart of nature, modern poetical genius has undergone; or we would place the "Jemmy Dawson" of Shenstone beside Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram," to make palpable to the dullest intellect, how the more sympathetic and enlightened humanity of later bards, has thrown a true moral sadness around crime. It is the same in poems of the affections. What fresh and natural life renders Barry Cornwall's love songs instinct with vital beauty, and how real appears the earnestness of Mrs. Hemans, notwithstanding the monotony of her strain! Shenstone's memorable production is "the School-mistress"—a sketch drawn minutely from life, and in versification and style, imitated closely from Spenser. It is one of those characteristic and truthful pictures from real life, which artistically, yet naturally executed, like Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and "Gray's Elegy," has a prominent niche in the temple of the British muses. It is curious with the sweet fancifulness

of the Fairy Queen, the lofty idealism and elegiac pathos of Shelley's Adonais, or the rhetorical energy and intense picturesqueness of Childe Harold present in the mind, to turn to the simple imagery of the same stanza in the "Schoolmistress." The whole description is said to have been taken, to the veriest details, from the old dame who taught Shenstone in infancy; and we copy three of the first stanzas as examples of humble description in Spenserian verse, as well as to give a fair idea of the tenor of this favorite household poem:

"And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,  
Which leaning near her little dome did strive;  
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,  
Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow;  
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;  
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,  
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;  
And as they look'd they found their horror grew,  
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,  
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;  
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,  
Into her school, begirt with chickens came,  
Such favor did her past deportment claim;  
And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground  
Fragments of bread, she would collect the same;  
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,  
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak  
That in her garden dipp'd the silvery dew;  
Where no vain flower disclos'd a gaudy streak,  
But herbs for use, and physick, not a few,  
Of great renown, within those borders grew:  
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,  
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue;  
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;  
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme."

It is almost unprecedented for a poet to be remembered for his abode, and yet such is the case with Shenstone. His writings are so intimately associated with his residence, that we seldom recur to one without thinking of the other. In his day, landscape gardening was a novelty; and his adornment of his paternal inheritance gratified at once his taste, his indolence, and his ambition.

Yet how far removed from the true principles of rural art were his ideas, may be realized by contrasting the petty artifices to which he resorted with the truly noble results of landscape gardening achieved by our own accomplished professor\* of this beautiful and useful science. There is prettiness but no scope in his poetry, as there was fancy but no comprehensive plan in the decoration of his grounds. In both he illustrated the artificiality of his day. His once celebrated abode is now only to be recognised by a lawn and a bridge which yet remain. All that is pleasing is the general view. Quakers halt there for refreshment, returning from Stonebridge meeting to Birmingham. This is an amusing coincidence, for no reader except one of the subdued taste of these "calm brethren" would ever think, while journey-

ing about Parnassus, of halting to refresh themselves with the poems of Shenstone.

To an American eye, the charm of European gardens is rather owing to the novelty of their natural productions than the style of their arrangement. The grand scale of our scenery renders all tricks paltry by comparison; and the artificial substitutes for natural diversity give a scenic rather than picturesque effect. The elegance of Versailles is apparent and unrivalled; but this quality rather offends than delights when allied to external nature. At Rome, the clipped, dense evergreens, weather-stained marbles, and humid alleys of the Villa Borghese, do not win the imagination like the low uncultured campagna. A fine English park, with smooth roads intersecting natural forests, is more truly beautiful than a parterre surrounded with fantastic patterns of box or studded with bowers and temples, like the back scene of a play. The famous villa of the eccentric nobleman near Palermo, assures the traveller to what an extent a love of the grotesque may be carried in converting a residence of fine natural capabilities into an architectural and horticultural museum. Indeed, all experiments in this field of human ingenuity, simply prove that the judicious adaptation of natural advantages to beautiful and useful results, is all that can be wisely attempted. A clearing here, a path there, filling up a hollow, levelling a hill, letting in sunshine and shutting out the view of deformity—in a word, modifying the primitive aspect and not substituting art for nature, is the sign of a healthful taste. Such is the Anglo-Saxon tendency as manifest in the noble appreciation of forest trees by Evelyn, and in the absence of the finical in most English and American rural homesteads. A disposition to ornament nature is altogether French; and its appearance on the other side of the channel, has always been coincident with periods of conventional taste in society and letters. The formal elegance of a French garden or villa differs from the picturesque exuberance of an American woodland or an English meadow just as Shakespeare differs from Racine. The one lays open nature for our cordial recognition; the other trims her after a classic or fanciful pattern; the one abounds in suggestions, the other in technicalities.

Shenstone represented this species of taste both in his grounds and his poems. The feet of his stanzas are ingeniously varied, and so were the walks through his domain. The flights of his muse were limited to the horizon of a small experience, and the prospects obtainable on his estate were equally bounded. Within the narrow compass of his sympathies, he ingeniously contrived to make as varied, and melodious a little world as possible; and within the boundaries of Leasowes, he was not less inventive—here setting up a fantastic temple, and there a dark grove; now turning a rivulet into a cascade, and now surprising his guest with a root-woven seat in an arbor

\* A. J. Downing.

beside a crystal pool, or in view of a pretty vista. He wrote elegies on his friends, and erected funeral urns in their honor among his trees. He tried to win admiration by the sweet monotony of his verses and the graceful winding of his paths; and was not less fastidious in the turn of a stanza, than in the pruning of an ilex.

He prided himself upon being anti-utilitarian. When a child, he always expected his mother to bring him a new book from market, and she, when neglecting to do so, used to give him a piece of wood covered to resemble a volume with which he went contentedly to bed—thus early deriving from an indolent imagination the satisfaction which active realities only yield to others. He is said to have been indignant when asked if there were fishes in his miniature lakes. This extreme devotion to eye-pleasure led him even to neglect personal comfort, and he retired from his shrines and bowers to a mean and broken-roofed cottage. It is highly probable that the exposure he there suffered induced the fever of which he died. The expensive indulgence of this peculiar ambition soon brought him into pecuniary troubles; and bailiffs intruded where only guests of taste were desired.

There was something analogous in the dispositions of Thompson and Shenstone. The latter possessed an amiable temper combined with the tendency to extremes which appears to be inseparable from the poetic idiosyncrasy, even when crudely developed. "I never" said he, "will be a revengeful enemy; but I cannot, it is not in my nature, to be half a friend." He could have married, it is said, the lady to whom he addressed the best of his amatory effusions; but something of the same mystery involves his celibacy as is the case with the bard of the Seasons.

"Agriculture," says Keats, in one of his letters recently published, "is the tamer of men,—the steam from the earth is like drinking their mother's milk—it enervates their natures. This appears a great cause of the imbecility of the Chinese: and if this sort of atmosphere is a mitigation to the energies of a strong man, how much more must it injure a weak one, unoccupied, unexercised?" It seems as if rural pleasures should be occasional to be salutary. If Shenstone's life had been exposed to the intellectual and moral incitements of a metropolitan career, he would have retired to Leasowes with enlarged ideas and wider sympathies, and perhaps have risen from the details of a virtuoso to the general effects achieved by the thinker.

Some of his essays are pleasing, but devoted to quiet moralising or some insignificant theme. His letters scarcely touch upon anything but his writings and his place. Around these his thoughts and sympathies constantly revolved with an egotism which gives one a melancholy impression of the narrow resources and unmanly tone to

which fanciful solitude may reduce an educated mind. He continued his name ten years at Oxford for the mere pleasure of learning, took no degree and put on the civilian's gown without intending to engage in a profession. He then gave a brief period to acquainting himself with life by visits to the principal watering places. Thus provided with a modicum of learning and experience, he returned to his birth-place and simultaneously practised verse-writing and landscape gardening; but the want of enlarged curiosity, exalted aims and broad views, caused his tenderness and benevolence to evaporate in sentimental hospitality and his invention to expend itself on inadequate materials.

"I have," says one of his letters, "an alcove, six elegies, a seat, two epitaphs, (one upon myself,) four songs, and a serpentine river, to show you when you come." This passage gives us an insight, at once, into the chief occupations of Shenstone. His "Essay on men and manners," contains many sensible observations agreeably expressed; but, like his poetry, seldom rising above a tranquil gracefulness of diction or pleasantness of thought. He belongs, however, to the correct and refined school of essayists of which Addison is the main exemplar. We quote a few sentences, at random, as specimens of his manner and ideas:

"When fame is the principal object of our devotion, it should be considered whether our character is like to gain in point of wit, what it will probably lose in point of modesty; otherwise we shall be censured of vanity more than famed for genius; and depress our character while we strive to raise it."

*The Impromptu.*—"It appears to me to have the nature of that kind of salad, which certain eminent adepts in chemistry have contrived to raise, while a joint of mutton is roasting. We do not allow ourselves to blame its unusual flatness and insipidity, but extol the little flavor it has considering the time of its vegetation."

"There would not be any absolute necessity for reserve, if the world were honest; yet, even then it would prove expedient. For in order to attain any degree of deference, it seems necessary that people should imagine you have more accomplishments than you discover. It is on this depends one of the excellencies of the judicious Virgil. He leaves you something ever to imagine: and such is the constitution of the human mind, that we think so highly of nothing, as that whereof we do not see the bounds."

"The delicacy of his taste increased his sensibility: and his sensibility made him more a slave. The mind of man, like the finer parts of matter, the more delicate it is, naturally admits the more deep and the more visible impressions."

"Whence is it, my friend, that I feel it impossible to envy you, although, hereafter, your qualifications may make whole millions do so? for-



believe me, when I affirm, that I deem it much more superfluous, to wish you honors to gratify your ambition, than to wish you ambition enough to make your honors satisfactory."

"All trees have a character analagous to all men: oaks are in all respects the perfect image of the manly character. In former times I should have said, and in present times I think I am authorised to say the British one. As a brave man is not suddenly either elated by prosperity or depressed by adversity, so the oak displays not its verdure on the sun's first approach; nor drops it on his first departure. Add to this its majestic appearance, the rough grandeur of its bark and the wide protection of its branches."

"Indolence is a kind of centripetal force."

"I hate maritime expressions, similes, and allusions; my dislike, I suppose, proceeds from the unnaturalness of shipping, and the great share which art ever claims in that practice."

"I am thankful that my name is obnoxious to no pun."

"It is a miserable thing to love where one hates; and yet it is not inconsistent."

"I cannot avoid comparing the ease and freedom I enjoy to the ease of an old shoe; where a certain degree of shabbiness is joined with the convenience."

"Two words, 'no more,' have a singular pathos; reminding us at once of past pleasure and the future exclusion of it."

"The superior politeness of the French is in nothing more discernible than in the phrases used by them and us to express an affair being in agitation. The former says 'sur la tapis;' the latter 'upon the anvil.' Does it show also the sincerity and serious face with which we enter upon business, and the negligent and jaunty air with which they perform even the most important?"

"There are many persons acquire to themselves a character of insincerity, from what is in truth mere inconstancy. And there are persons of warm but changeable passions; perhaps the sincerest of any in the very instant they make profession, but the very least to be depended on through the short duration of all extremes."

"Extreme volatile and sprightly tempers seem inconsistent with any great enjoyment. There is too much time wasted in mere transition from one object to another. No room for those deep impressions which are made alone by the duration of an idea; and are quite requisite to any strong sensation, either of pleasure or of pain. The bee to collect honey, or the spider to gather poison, must abide sometime upon the weed or flower. They whose fluids are mere sal-volatile, seem rather cheerful than happy men. The temper above described, is oftener the lot of wits, than of persons of great abilities."

Compare these extracts with the colloquial wit of Sydney Smith's articles, the heavy artillery of Carlyle, or the rapier-like dexterity of Macaulay.

Habituated to the powerful spirit and rich thought of later essayists and poets, we can say of such writings as these, as Selkirk said of the beasts in his lonely isle,

"Their tameness is shocking to me."

One of the most felicitous instances of Shennstone's prose is a brief sketch entitled "A Character," and said to be a portrait of himself. It was written with a pencil, on the wall of his room at Oxford, in 1735. Perhaps we cannot better illustrate our view of this amiable, tasteful and egotistic devotee of rural and rhythmical enjoyment, than by quoting it:

"He was a youth so amply furnished with every excellence of mind, that he seemed alike capable of acquiring or disregarding the goods of fortune. He had indeed all the learning and erudition that can be derived from universities without the pedantry and ill manners which are too often their attendants. What few or none acquire by the most intense assiduity, he possessed by nature; I mean that elegance of taste, which disposed him to admire beauty under its great variety of appearances. It passed not unobserved by him either in the cut of a sleeve, or the integrity of a moral action. The proportion of a statue, the convenience of an edifice, the movement in a dance, and the complexion of a cheek or flower, afforded him sensations of beauty; that beauty which inferior geniuses are taught coldly to distinguish, or to discern rather than feel. He could trace the excellencies both of the courtier and the student; who are mutually ridiculous in the eyes of each other. He had nothing in his character which could obscure so great accomplishments, beside the want, the total want, of a desire to exhibit them. Through this it came to pass, that what would have raised another to the heights of reputation, was often times in him passed over unregarded. For, in respect to ordinary observers, it is requisite to lay some stress yourself, on what you intend should be remarked by others; and this never was his way. His knowledge of books had in some degree diminished his knowledge of the world; or rather the external forms and manners of it. His ordinary conversation was, perhaps, rather too frequent with sentiment, the usual fault of rigid students; and this he would in some degree have regulated better, did not the universality of his genius, together with the method of his education, so largely contribute to this amiable defect. This kind of awkwardness, (since his modesty will allow it no better name,) may be compared to the stiffness of a fine piece of brocade, whose turgescency indeed constitutes, and is inseparable from its value.

"He gave delight by a happy boldness in the extirpation of common prejudices; which he could as readily penetrate, as he could humorously ridicule. And he had such entire possession of the hearts as well as the understandings of his

friends, that he could soon make the most surprising paradoxes believed and well-accepted. His image, like that of a sovereign, could give an additional value to the most precious one; and we no sooner believed our eyes that it was he who spoke it, than we as readily believed whatever he had to say. In this he differed from W——r, that he had the talent of rendering the greatest virtues unenvied: whereas the latter shone more remarkably in making his very faults agreeable; I mean in regard to those few he had to exercise his skill."

When the creative power is deficient, minds of ideal tendency seek gratification by means of taste. What they cannot realize through inward effort, they attempt to image in outward forms. The sense of beauty and aspiration, uncombined with moral vigor or great intellectual gifts is thus developed externally and as it were through a kind of compromise between ability and desire. This appears to be the philosophy of dilettantism. The active imagination repudiates outward embellishment; the comprehensive mind disdains graceful artifice and the large and earnest heart cannot pause to dally with inane sentimentalities. It is on this account that when taste is a prevailing trait, it implies the absence of great qualities, exactly as the epithet amiable, when exclusive, suggests the idea of a common-place character. Both are secondary qualities desirable as adjunct to higher capacities, as modifications of richer gifts, rather than as essential. They are only negative excellencies.

In the history of literature we find that taste is the characteristic of decline. It was grossly violated by the old English dramatists, and morbidly esteemed by the writers of the Restoration.

It is related chiefly to details and hence, to a certain extent, is unfavorable to broad, deep, and energetic developments. The verbal controversies of the Italian academies aptly indicated the degeneracy of the national life compared with the robust yet unrefined age of the "grim Tuscan," and it is in times when society is uninspired by an exalted sentiment and the tone of life is material, that men of the virtuoso class prevail. In more serious and enthusiastic eras, they seem out of place. Leisure and freedom from lofty ambition are necessary to their enjoyment. They live in a world of their own, but its sphere is insignificant. By surrounding themselves with quaint, beautiful and curious memorials they nurture the feelings which men of deeper natures can only actualize by deeds; and seek to reflect instead of embodying their finest instincts.

To the noblest order of minds, however, the emblems of beauty and truth aggravate instead of soothing. The most skilful combinations of music awaken longings for the unattained; every tint of perfection given by art or nature, stirs the wings of the soul by kindling desires for the unity of being, the harmony of spirit, of which they are visible types. Yet the amateur has his place in the social economy. The mass of people need to be refined, to acquire more delicate standards of judgment and to educate the perceptions. To this result the influence of these ministers of taste effectually contributes. Thus the airy epistolary gossip of Walpole and his domestic museum at Strawberry Hill,—the artistic comments and rare trophies of Beckford, and the literary breakfasts and pleasing mementoes of Rogers, are associated with this agreeable kind of social utility.

## SONG OF THE WORLD-SPIRIT.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

I come to the earth with my sable car  
On the viewless air up-borne;  
With me are the secrets of human war,  
From the jealous thought to the clanging jar,  
And lands of their glory shorn.  
My life in a fearful hour was given  
When a knell rung out o'er the hills of heaven.

With my leaden foot on the trusting heart  
I crush out the "life of life."—  
I banish truth from the busy mart,  
I bid the pure joys of love depart  
From the homes of the mother and wife,  
For my being to me amid strife was given  
When the war-trumpet broke on the peace of  
heaven.

In the pleasant room where the children sleep  
I war with the angel-guard:  
Though conquered alway, yet with stealthy creep  
I watch their play, and with cunning deep,  
Through youth along on their path I keep  
And the guardian friends retard;  
Then oft, unsuspected of all, I've given  
The signet of hell to the heirs of heaven.

I sprang from the angel whose shining wing  
Was brighter than sparkle of glacier's crest,  
Yet never it dazzled the gaze of Him  
Whose burning eye is not shut or dim,—  
It readeth each darkened breast  
As in noonday clear; and my sire was driven  
For his worldly thought from the light of heaven.

## LOVE VERSUS CUPID.

BY ELIZA L. SPROAT.

ONCE upon a time, that wild young urchin, of whom so much has been written, pro and con, who is on visiting terms with people of all countries and classes, to whom anxious elderly gentlemen so often beckon without success, and of whose friendship swaggering elderly ditto so often boast without warrant, to whom dashing widows pay open court and homage, and whom proper spinsters slap with the right hand, and coax with the left;—this well known divinity, I was going to say, had just awaked from a long afternoon nap.

"Ah, me!" yawned the little god, rising and shaking his wings, "I have a hundred calls to make, and it is near sundown; how annoying it is to be so very popular! By the by," he continued, ruminating, "I really don't think there is any one power in the world, so mighty, so justly popular as this same little Cupid," and he waved his bright wings and folded his arms in beautiful complacency.

"I think there is," said a low sweet voice at his side; and Cupid beheld a figure, like a woman, standing near him.

"How!" he exclaimed, in all the dignity of offended majesty; "who presumes to assert an authority superior to that of the invincible Cupid?"

"I," said the low voice; "I am Love."

"It is false! I am Love," said Cupid, angrily; "and although I was christened Cupid, I will have no impostor assuming the old family surname. Besides, admitting you to be some distant relation, what right have you to affect a supremacy over him who is over the world?"

"I can prove my right," Love answered meekly; "for that end I am here."

"Good!" exclaimed the little god, disdainfully; "do you trust to your appearance to justify your claims, or would you avail yourself of my services, to introduce you into respectable society?" This was said ironically, for although Love's face was transcendently beautiful, her garb was humble, and she was not enrobed in the same glorious light which he wore as a garment; so that in his presence, her form seemed indistinct and dim.

"I will go with you," she answered:—and thus it was, that Love and Cupid set out on a journey.

THE silver clouds were fast crimsoning the west, and gathering in splendid fleeces beneath the sun's inclining head; but Love and Cupid are swift travellers, and soon arrived at the scene of their first adventure.

It was a queer little out of the way cottage, lighted with tiny antique windows, and shaded with venerable creeping vines, that climbed past the diamond panes, and wound round all manner of odd gables and corners. There was an old woman winding yarn inside the door and crooning to herself, and a beautiful rosy girl outside on the porch, with a motionless spinning wheel at her side. The face of the mother seemed cut from a piece of *lignum vitæ*; that of the girl was tender as the rich white leaf of the lily: but the countenance of the first wore a lovely cheerful smile, while the brow of the latter was clouded, and the crimson mouth drawn discontentedly down at the corners—it was an odd contrast to be sure.

"Heigho!" sighed the damsel, pushing aside her wheel; "this is not a very happy world, on the whole. Spinning is a very pleasant occupation, as mother says, but rather tiresome. This is lovely weather, the sky is so blue; but one gets tired of looking at the same color for seventeen years. Oh, dear me! I wonder what makes the birds so happy."

"There," said Cupid to Love, "is a chance for you to show your power over the heart, which is the world, you know."

"I am afraid," said Love shrinking.

"You know your power," urged Cupid, quoting mischievously her words.

Then Love, bending towards the maiden, whispered to her softly.

Creations so ethereal as Love and Cupid, are of course invisible to mortal eyes; their presence, however, is known by their influence, as every rational reader is aware.

As I remarked, Love drew near and whispered to the maiden.

"True," she said starting, and as if answering her own thoughts.

"I have a dear mother to love and comfort, which is certainly a great privilege; then, my poor little sister—but she is an idiot—well, yes; such a feeble plant *does* need a double share of heart warmth to nourish



add protect it: really I am very happy—heigho!”

“Heigho!” echoed Cupid, mocking; and Love shrank timidly away.

“Mother is singing again, I declare!” exclaimed the little lady, indignantly. “It is amazing how easily some people are amused—I cannot sing!” and as a proof of her vocal incapacities, she began to warble very plaintively.

“I wish I had a lover,”

“Strikes at the root of the matter at once, you observe,” interrupted Cupid. His voice reached her mind’s ear, and she proceeded with new inspiration.

“I wish I had a lover,  
To help me through the lonesome hours;  
As bright and fervent as the sun,  
As gentle as the flowers;  
As constant as the little star  
That waits upon the moon afar.

“Oh, had I but a lover,  
I’d treat him with such winning mien,  
That it should be his joy and pride  
To serve so fair a queen,  
He’d plot and plan the livelong while,  
To shun my frown, or share my smile.

“There would not be a maiden  
In all the land, so proud as I;  
But should he e’er, in wayward mood,  
My sovereignty defy,  
Should dare dispute my lightest whim,  
Nor yield to me—I’d yield to him!”

“Ah—um!” said Cupid, putting his dimpled hands behind him, and looking like a physician; “here is a case which requires my immediate attention. Do you observe,” he remarked, turning to Love, “that gallant horseman riding past the edge of the wood?”

“He has a generous countenance,” answered Love.

“I will bring him down,” said Cupid confidently; and suddenly raising his bow, he sent an arrow straight to the heart of the unsuspecting traveller. Strange to say, his victim evinced no manner of annoyance, but merely stopped his horse in a kind of pleasant bewilderment; while Cupid, readjusting his bow, directed another arrow at the breast of the melancholy damsel.

“Who goes there?” she exclaimed with a sudden joyful blush;—“ah, Cupid preserve us! what a handsome gentleman, the very pattern I have been cutting out for my lover. If he would only look this way, I feel sure he would admire me—but how to attract his attention,—”

“Meet with an accident,” briskly suggested Cupid.

“To be sure, that’s a bright thought of mine,” she exclaimed, and the next minute was tripping merrily across the meadow.

Presently a cracking branch and a loud scream arrested the ear of the traveller; he turned, and spurred quickly to the spot, when behold, a charm-

ing young girl, unable from pain or fright, to rise from the ground.

“Ahem! I think it will take;” said Cupid, gravely, as if he had just accomplished a successful vaccination; and straightway the two divinities pursued their journey.

THE moon was supreme in the heavens, when they arrived at the base of an ancient, gloomy castle. Standing on a bleak, steep, barren rock, it looked dreary enough at any time; but now, surrounded by the pale light and black shadows, it seemed a perfect spectre of a castle. A ruddier light, however, gleamed from one of the windows, and a slender, graceful form moved to and fro before it.

Now, as the reader is aware, it is one of the prerogatives of spirits, to visit any place at any hour, without the possibility of the inmates having time to consider the propriety of being “at home.” Love and Cupid, therefore, no sooner formed a wish to see the young lady, than they found themselves inside the window.

Hers was a very delicate sweet face, to unfold its beauty in such a rough old castle; she moved busily and gently to and fro, and although an unsettled brightness shone from under her downcast eyes, her step was silent, and her air subdued; she was watching the sick. There was a rustle and a slight moan from another part of the room, and then a voice—

“Alice!”

“Father?”

“Will you give me a cold drink, my daughter? cold; the last I had was burning. Have I slept long?”

“Not ten minutes; not long enough to refresh you.”

“But I thought you left me.”

“Not a moment, father.”

“That’s well; I think I could sleep again. Will you give me your hand, Alice? I was dreaming, you see, and I saw in my dream—”

“Well, father?”

“I saw him come—”

“Him—whom?” interrupted Alice, anxiously.

“The man who wronged your sister; who found her the way to her grave; the only being I have ever taught you to hate: a curse be about him forev—”

“Stay, father; it was a dream, you know.”

“True, it was only a dream; but I thought that *you*, my little daughter, my pure Alice, left me to welcome the—”

“Father, father, you are exhausting yourself—you must say no more.”

“That he tore you from me,” persisted the sick man, feebly; “and smiled upon me as I lay here writhing and powerless; that he poured in your ear the old stereotyped love words that charmed

away your sister's soul—ah, well—it was a dream; I will sleep again, and try to forget it.”

“He will hardly sleep after such a dream,” murmured Love to Cupid.

“He will hardly keep awake after such an opiate as he drank,” whispered Cupid to Love.

And so it seemed; for although still grasping his daughter's hand, he soon relapsed into slumber.

With paling face, and brightening gaze, the girl sat long and motionless at her father's bedside. At length the light which had been gathering in her eyes began to melt away in tears; still she sat gazing on the sick man, unheeding the grief that kept falling and falling like the great drops before a thunder storm. But now a low sound arrested her ear, and rich music tones arose and filled the silence—

“Alice! Alice!  
Wake and bend thine ear to me;  
All the gems of night are gathered,  
Waiting but to welcome thee.  
'Neath the yearning stars is swelling  
One great tone o'er earth and sea;  
List my song, its music telling—  
I love you; do you love me?”

“Alice! Alice!  
Only love is unalloyed;  
Stars and music, night and beauty,  
Fill the heart to leave it void:  
Love has neither change nor season;  
Love will ne'er commanded be;  
Love is lord of time and reason—  
I love you; do you love me?”

“Very good,” said Cupid, patronizingly; “you perceive,” he added, turning to Love, “that although he mentions your name, he is evidently alluding throughout, to *me*.”

Love answered not, for she was horror struck at the liberties taken with her name.

The music died away, and the girl, rising gently, strove to disengage her hand from that of her father; but he felt the effort, and spoke confusedly in his sleep.

“Are you afraid?” he murmured, clasping her fingers tighter. “He cannot harm you; I am very strong—Back, thou fiend!” he moaned, as Alice strove wildly yet silently, to loosen his grasp.

“Alice! Alice!”—again arose the voice from beneath her window; “Alice, haste!” but the sick man rose as if waking, and she dared not stir.

“Alice, haste!” echoed Cupid, becoming interested; but Love sprang up, and spoke quite loudly—“Alice, Alice, stay!”

“It will be too late,” urged Cupid, pointing past a dark form at the window, to the setting moon.

“It will break his heart,” pleaded Love, pointing to the pain-struck features of the sick man.

“He is going!” cried Cupid. The girl dashed suddenly the thin fingers from her, and stood at the open window.

“He will die!” shrieked Love; and she turned again to his bed side, in agony. But the draught he had taken, began to act more potently; his

face became calm, and his dreams were lulled. Then Love sat down beside the maiden, and ranged before her mind all old, sweet memories; two merry children, racing and leaping for a father's kiss; then two happy sisters, as like as two lilies of the valley, shedding the fragrance of youth and innocence through the gloomy castle; then one lily wilting, and sinking again into the mound; then a father's holy indignation; then the sweet, sad life in which they two were the world; till the heart of the girl grew stronger and stronger, and therein gathered and brightened a Purpose, like a forming star. But then (alas, that there should be two ears to the soul,) Cupid's clear mellow voice chimed in most liquidly. At his command, the last dear hour of meeting arose from the grave of the past: again she felt that bright invincible glance, that compelled her gaze, as the proud sun rules the milder planet; again upon the night arose the voice, that, to her, comprised all music—

“Alice! Alice!  
Love fears naught on earth or sea;  
Risking all and shrinking never—  
I love you; do you love me?”

She listened, and the false music melted to the very depths of her soul; then the bright Purpose slid away and blackened, like a falling star. The father still slept, but his child was gone forever.

THE night Hours swept by in a dark slow train, and passed from the earth to some other inhabited planet, in their journey through the universe. The moon paled; the bashful stars shrank back into heaven; the skies blushed and dimpled; it was a new day.

“Heigho! we've had a long job of it,” said Cupid, yawning wearily; “but you perceive that, *as usual*, I have come off victorious. Music is, after all, the grand panacea in all kinds of love diseases; I once could sing, but I have no instrument.—Soft, as I reign, there's a harp for me;” and Cupid sprang to the side of a little stream, that leaped from the shade to the sun. Breaking off a rich water lily, he trailed it lightly over the tops of the waves, and brought forth most rare music.

“When the maid across the stile  
Laughing leaps, all danger scorning,  
And, with softly spreading smile,  
Steals o'er earth's dark face the morning,  
I am there! I am there!  
Still within her heart is ringing  
Each sweet tone, last eve she heard,  
When the nightingale was singing.

“When on high the regal noon  
O'er the reaper's field advances,  
And the earth is nigh to swoon  
'Neath her lover's blazing glances,—  
I am there! I am there!  
Men and maidens rest from labor,  
Drinking in the light like wine,  
Still each heart reflects its neighbor.

"When the hosts of day disband,  
And the love-defying maiden  
Leans her head upon her hand,  
With a strange sweet grief o'erladen,—  
I am there! I am there!  
Twilight hour is Cupid's heaven,  
Woodbines sweet and maiden's hearts  
Keep their perfume back till even."

"Ahem! eh!" said Cupid, raising his saucy eyes to his auditor for approbation; but Love wept, covering her face with her wings. Love wept; but anon she arose, casting aside her sorrow;—she arose, and lifted up her voice in song.

"Mid the hosts that swarm the earth,  
On the sparely peopled sea,  
Where a human hope can flourish,  
Or a human heart can be;  
When a martyr smiles in faith,  
When a young child smiles in glee,  
I am there."

"When the maiden bravely dares  
Count an erring sister dear;  
When the beggar shares his beggings  
With a fellow beggar near;  
When the Everlasting plans  
Flowers, his creatures' hearts to cheer;—  
I am there."

"When the rosy infant nestles  
On its mother's bosom fair;  
When a Saviour mounts the cross,  
With a last forgiving prayer;  
When the worlds arise in chorus  
Round His anguish, I am there—  
I am God!"

"Heaven be merciful! you positively took away my breath," said Cupid, looking all alive and startled. But Love drooped again her great snowy wings, and faded down into the same dim angel she had appeared at their first meeting.

THE world was just fairly wide awake, when the two divinities slipped through the grated window of a dingy, dirty, desolate looking prison cell; a most dismal hole, and utterly comfortless, but for a great sunbeam that came slanting down through the grey air, like a bar of rich transparent gold. The prisoner himself, appeared to be less affected by the room full of misery, than by the one ray of beauty; for as he stood against the bars, looking out into the morning, his face wore an expression of positive happiness, quite unreasonable in a prisoner.

"He must be thinking of Home," whispered Love to Cupid.

"He must be thinking of his lady fair," answered Cupid to Love; but as he stood quite motionless, there seemed to be no prospect of speedily solving the question.

"Suppose I turn jailer?" said Cupid impatiently; and no sooner was he touched with the thought, than the god disappeared, and the jailer entered.

"Good morning, Richard," said that worthy, pleasantly.

"All God's mornings are good, you rascal;" said Richard, turning carelessly round.

"But this especially," continued the keeper, pointing to the new risen glory without; "at such times, I fancy you are longing to be a free man again; eh, Richard?"

"Longing! so much so, that if I were to follow my inclinations this minute, I should knock you down with your bunch of keys, and be out in that field before you had time to say—stop him;—the saints preserve us!" he added softly, "how pleasantly the old churl looks to day!" for Cupid, despite his endeavors, could not wholly disguise his loveliness.

"Ay, ay; I have no doubt you would prove a hero; but you are not out yet by—how many months?"

"Eleven precisely; have you forgotten? You know we reckoned it yesterday."

"True, eleven months; but how cheerfully you bear it; I should go mad in a week."

"Ha! ha! ha! why man, you forget you have been here as many years. Eleven months! have n't you spent a lifetime within these walls? Tramping up and down unfathomable stairways;—shuffling and wheezing through dark damp passages; turning unwilling keys in expostulating locks; poking your blue nose into musty cells, and meeting scowls and groans for your trouble? And so you will keep on tramping, and shuffling, and wheezing, and growing hard hearted, till—bah! do you call this liberty? Eleven months—that would bring it to April, you know."

"True," replied the jailer, with perfect good humor, "and before that time, I hope to hear the story you have promised me so long."

"It is not a long story, however," said Richard; "if you like, you may have it now. In the first place, as I have always told you, I am an honest man."

"Gammon," observed the jailer.

"And furthermore your deponent saith not."

"What, do you fear to trust me?"

"Yes."

"It shall never pass my lips again."

"It might,—"

"I swear it."

"Do you so? Well, in the first place, I am an honest man."

The keeper shrugged his shoulders indignantly.

"In the second place, *my wife* is guilty of the offence for which I am imprisoned."

"You are jesting sure."

"It is truth; I was out of work, sick, and starving; and my true, dear wife that I love, my lady wife that I brought from luxury to poverty, my proud wife that I honor and reverence, degraded herself to steal, that I might not starve."

"Well?"

"Well, they found the stolen goods in the house;



I was suspected, tried, and convicted; that's all."

"Shameful! So your true, dear wife allows you to pine in prison, to expiate her crime."

"Not at all; there's the beauty of the plot, my worthy friend: she is made to understand that this is a totally different offence, and that hers was never discovered at all; don't you see?" said Richard, rubbing his hands in the greatest delight.

"Very good," said Love, triumphantly.

"Very odd," said the jailer, dubiously. "But in truth, my good Richard, I think your generosity a little overstrained."

"Overstrained! you are no man to say so. Supposing the crime had not been for my sake, do you suppose I would suffer my wife to be disgraced by entering the walls of a prison?"

"But your disgrace is equal to what hers would have been; besides, the influence of her family would, doubtless, have saved her from imprisonment."

"But not from the sneers and pityings of a spiteful world; the whispers and strange looks that would have followed her to her grave. My God! it is cruel to think of; it would have killed her."

"How long have you been man and wife?" asked the jailer.

"About seven years."

"Possible! she must be *very* pretty."

"Not judged so by the world. Yet to me she is most beautiful."

"Strange," said the jailer; "is it possible you can love so deeply, so madly——"

"Nay, so wisely," interrupted Love. Her words could not touch the prisoner's ear, but they reached his heart, and filled it with sudden, holy warmth.

"So deeply, so madly;" persisted the jailer; "yet deliberately refrain from the society of the woman you worship?"

"Truly, it *is* a struggle," said Richard, beginning to feel like a martyr.

"And when she next visits you," continued the jailer, earnestly; "when she leans her cheek against the rusty iron bars, and fixes her deep, loving eyes upon you, will you not feel that danger, death, disgrace, are as nothing compared with this living death of love?"

"No," said Love herself, loudly, looking steadfastly on Richard.

"No," echoed Richard, firmly, and Cupid felt that the battle was lost.

The jailer withdrew; the prisoner stood musing; and Love and Cupid were once more outside the bars.

"Absurd! ridiculous!" muttered the latter, shaking his white shoulders angrily. "You are a reformer, a revolutionist, a philanthropist; we will part company, Madame, if you persist in instilling your visionary notions into the minds of my disciples."

But Love only smiled, and the two pursued their way as of old.

THEY travelled this time through the heart of a noisy, swarming city. Carts and carriages, ladies and laundresses, horses, cattle, dogs, pigs, poultry, noise, and mud, in quantities unlimited; a perfect chaos of sights and sounds. It was clash and clatter, splash and splatter, rattle, tinkle, rumble, till you would have thought it was market day with the world.

Picking their way most delicately through the confusion, Love and Cupid amused themselves by taking observations of the crowd.

"Ah, poor child," said Love with pity, as a little ragged girl stood anxiously on the curbstone, not daring to cross, through her terror of hoofs and carriage wheels.

"Poor little thing!" said Cupid, stoically—"Ah, good heaven! do you see?" and Love, turning, beheld a beautiful young lady, in a state of great perplexity: poised upon one delicate foot, she stood looking vainly around amid the mud, for a dry spot on which to place the other. Just then Love's ear was arrested by a scream of terror; the child had ventured across, and in her fright, had run between two meeting vehicles.

"What shall I do? What *can* I do?" said Love. But Cupid was absorbed in the distress of the beautiful lady.

"She is down! She is lost!" cried Love, tugging at Cupid's wing in terror.

"She has wet her foot," said Cupid, with increasing interest.

Love turned away in despair, when, struck with a new idea, she suddenly fixed her eyes upon a rough looking woman who stood near her, and pointed to the child beneath the hoofs of the horses.

The woman paused an instant; in that instant, Love's glance seemed to strike to the very depths of her soul: she sprang to the spot, turned the horses violently aside, and snatching the fainting child in her arms, bore her safely away from the danger.

"Good; I will try it," said Cupid, who had turned to witness the performance; and directing his glance towards a neat youth who was passing, he pointed in like manner to the beautiful lady, who had not yet found her way through the mud. Struck to the heart by the sight of so much beauty in so much distress, the young gentleman hastened to the scene of trial, and fervently besought the honor of assisting her out of her difficulty.

"Thanks to my ingenuity, she is safe," said Cupid, drawing a long breath.

And now the day heated, and brightened, and waxed, until it became full noon. The skies were all in a blaze, and the streets were all in a fume. Cupid was well nigh fainting, and Love herself could hardly find room to breathe.

"This is no place to take a siesta," said Cupid,

in disgust; "let us leave the city, and return in the stillness of evening."

Immediately the god and the angel found themselves in a spot, which, but for its wildness, might have been thought a garden. Noon reigned here also, but its sovereignty was limited; for a perfect aristocracy of trees stretched forth their green arms to guard the stillness and beauty beneath. Still it was a wild place; the flowers grew up unplanted, like sweet thoughts in a poet's heart. The grass was fresh and tender as the first little blades that come up in April, but so thick, that when Cupid flung himself luxuriously down, only a rosy foot and a few bright plumes were visible.

The sun had climbed to the height of his journey, and seemed to pause a moment lazily; the little psalmists from their high seats warbled low amid the drowsy congregation of leaves; the waterfall slipped over the rocks more softly; the breezes rocked themselves to sleep among the nodding flowers; one stray sunbeam had pierced the green darkness, and lay in broken diamond splinters upon the water.

"Ah, delightful!" murmured Cupid, pressing his rich cheek against a cluster of lilies. "All beauty, all happiness; indeed, I am almost too happy to sleep. Dear Love, if you could sing to me?"

But Love answered not; she stood gazing into the water, and thinking intensely.

"Such is woman;" said Cupid, philosophically; "I will even sing myself to sleep."

"Beauty is power: though sages keep prosing,  
Boasting of wisdom, and science, and art;  
Beauty still enters as Wisdom is dozing—  
Science ne'er fashioned a key to the heart.

"Cupid is greatest; nor princes nor powers  
Ever knew happiness higher than this;  
So to be rocked in a cradle of flowers,  
Sleep with a song, and be waked with a kiss.

"Nectar is sweet, but kisses are sweeter;  
Therefore be kisses the nectar for me:  
Time it is fleet, but love is still fleetier;  
So to love's measure our minutes shall flee."

"So—so—so"—Cupid's voice grew low, and stopped; but the birds trilled in at the pauses, and through the rushes and over the rocks the waters warbled liquidly.

At length all was still; Love arose from her reverie, and folding her arms upon her breast, looked up through the leaves to the sky.

And Love prayed.

"O Judge, of whom I am the dim frail prophet!  
O Beautiful, of whom I am the shadow! Eternal!  
Infinite! LOVE! Sustain me when I take  
upon myself Thy mightiest name. I am weary,  
I am weary of sojourning with Thy creatures; I  
strive with them, and they feel not; I call and  
they answer not again. They are all wrong, all  
blind; they are buried so deep in time and self,  
that they cannot perceive Eternity and Love.

They have set up idols in the market places, that  
their ways may be prosperous; they have shut up  
Religion in her temples till the Sabbath, lest she  
meddle with their bargains. They are asleep, the  
souls of this world are asleep, oh, my Father! and  
until death they comprehend not Life. Hunger  
stings them, and they eat; toil wearies them, and  
they sleep; passion urges them, and they marry.  
Each for himself—each for his own: they are  
born, they live, they die, and comprehend not  
Love.

"Yet spare this people, O Creator! Put forth  
Thy finger and touch them, that they may awake.  
Show Thyself to their souls in Thine heroes and  
martyrs; make Thyself visible to their hearts in  
young faces and flowers; gird them to fight the  
monster Selfishness, to slay him and cast him on  
the altar of Love universal. So shall sight grow  
clear, and purpose strong, till the lovely earth  
resound with the songs of daily victories. Ambition  
shall stand preaching in the market place,  
and none will pause to hear him. Bigotry shall  
rear altars for the erring, and be herself the only  
victim. Affection shall be counted a treasure, and  
wealth a toy. Love shall reign supreme in the  
hearts of men, and Passion be her smiling petted  
slave. So shall this earth, this last, sole unper-  
fected orb, for whom the enfranchised worlds  
still wait in wonder, arise to her place in Thy  
creation. So shall the chain be complete, and the  
universe perfect, and all Infinity shall be one  
Heaven."

THE day was waning, and Cupid still slept.  
The jolly old sun, peeping sideways through the  
green, saw the young divinity lying asleep, and  
shot suddenly a whole quiver of golden arrows  
upon his forehead; but he merely flung an arm  
over his eyes, and slept as sound as ever. Then  
a saucy breeze leaped up, and touching a branch  
overhead, a whole shower of blossoms came  
down to meet the blossoms of his lips.

"When misses give kisses the world full of bliss is,"

murmured Cupid, still true to the music; but just  
then a bird, who had been watching the proceed-  
ings, began to laugh and twitter so noisily, that  
the god sprang up in an instant, and seizing his  
bow, sent an arrow straight to the little heart of  
the offender. As soon as the missile touched his  
breast, the bird seemed struck with the idea that  
he was still a bachelor, and he went hopping  
merrily off in search of a mate.

Well, as I said, old night was climbing up the  
round world, and casting her shadow before her;  
Love and Cupid remembered their engagement in  
the city, and no sooner remembered, than they  
were there.

"We pause here," said Cupid, as they stood  
before a brilliantly lighted mansion. Very beauti-  
ful was the scene upon which they entered; all the

gaiety, all the splendor, all the loveliness of the city seemed to be garnered together for this one evening. Rich robes and bright jewels waved and flashed; rare flowers yielded up their life in perfume; the air was filled with a low constant harmony, through which clear voices were trilling and flashing, like sunbeams through the water. And there were lithe forms swaying to and fro; and dainty cheeks crimsoning with pleasure; and soft arms gleaming through the air like white lilies; and bright eyes growing brighter with merriment, and deep eyes growing deeper with love; in short, there was such an assemblage of loveliness, that poor little Cupid stood bewildered, and positively frightened, like a hunter who has prepared himself to shoot but one, and is suddenly surrounded by a whole flock. Love pitied him, and led the way to a secluded balcony. It was a place quite shut out from sights and sounds of revelry except that now and then a breath of music came floating through the air; and the leaves so completely shut out the silver light above, that at first they did not see a figure that stood, with arms drooping, and eyes fixed moodily upon the ground.

"It is a young girl," said Love.

"But not a pretty one," said Cupid.

"No, but I think she is in trouble."

"Very probably," said Cupid, philosophically.

"And there is always a beauty in grief," continued Love.

"Pale, red eyes," suggested Cupid, shrugging his shoulders.

"Her very attitude is one of sorrow."

"Stoops," assented Cupid.

"Well; I will know what is passing in her heart," said Love, and bending beside the girl, she fixed her eyes, like a magnetizer, full upon her gloomy face. Love must have been an adept in the science, for the girl no sooner felt her glance, than her harsh mood seemed to melt like snow, and she straightway prepared to answer in music Love's unspoken question.

"My heart is like a lily pale,  
A trembling, perfume-burdened flower,  
That dares not breathe upon the gale  
Its wealth of hidden power.

"My heart is like a humming bird,  
That flutters aye and settles never;  
Till Death shall come and breathe the word  
That gives it peace forever.

"My heart is like a haughty star,  
A coldly burning star of even;  
Enshrined beyond the earth afar,  
Yet far as earth from heaven.

"My heart is like a mountain stream,  
A lonely stream that none have tasted;  
That sobs along in selfish dream,  
A wild of waters wasted.

"My heart is like a smiling cloud;  
To every light new light revealing:

Yet nought within its darksome shroud  
But stormy tears concealing.

"Alas, my foolish pining heart,  
My heart so young and yet so weary!  
Oh what may be the evening's part,  
When morning dawns so dreary."

"Ahem!" began Cupid, starting up with sudden animation; "music—five kisses—apply immediately."

"Not so; you are wrong," said Love, and turned again to Catherine. She stood as before, with her arms drooping, sullen and unlovely.

"What would you?" Love softly asked: "have you one drop of love in your heart, and can you find no plant on this wide wild earth that needs refreshing by it?"

"I will not pour out my love upon barren places; if I drain my heart, it will shrink and die, for there is no love from without to enter and refill it."

"What! have you *none* to love you?"

"Have I beauty to charm the eye? or wit to enchain the ear? have I my heart at the threshold of my lips, to pour forth sweet words to every comer? Oh! that I were in some way lovely—that I possessed some charm which might compel every heart to open to my touch. When my sister meets us in the morning, her sweet fair face all dimpling in smiles, my mother greets her with a kiss; my father parts her dark golden ringlets tenderly; my brothers look proudly upon her—but I stand by unnoticed, unthought of—ah, my God!—unloved!"

Here Cupid, grown out of patience, yawned quite audibly. The sound seemed to rouse both mesmerized and mesmerizer; for Catherine donned straightway her usual stateliness, Love shrank back to her usual timidity, and the latter and Cupid again pursued their way

THEY trudged patiently through narrow, crooked streets, and inexplicable byways, till they came to a forlorn looking frame house, shattered and gray with age. It takes but a very slight opening of heart or house to admit either Love or Cupid; therefore, not wishing to give unnecessary trouble, Cupid slipped through the keyhole, and Love passed in by some mysterious process of inhalation not yet known to mortals. Through long dark entries, up winding staircases, groping through dusty, black, unfurnished rooms, Cupid at length discovered a light shining from under a distant door; aiming for the spot, they found themselves in a light, neat, cheerful looking room, in which sat a young girl, knitting most industriously. The fire in the grate spread a rosy light upon a little, almost childish form, and a pale dainty countenance; the eyes were cast down, but Love saw in the delicate face a union of strength and sweetness, which to her was perfectly irresistible.



"Well?" said she to Cupid.

"Not well;" replied that high authority; "her feet are poor; her form wants roundness; her mouth is too decided; her forehead—if you have ever noticed the famous statue of my mother, (a study of it, by the way, would improve your taste amazingly) you must have observed that the forehead is low; an essential beauty in woman."

Just as he had delivered this valuable hint, the door opened, and a tall spirited looking man sprang joyfully towards the little knitter.

"Now for a scene;" said Cupid, rubbing his hands in glee.

"My Lilly, my good sweet Lilly," said the young gentleman, making himself quite at home. "In the first place, you are to put away that everlasting knitting; in the second, to change this seat for your rocking chair; in the third—"

"Well, oh master and tyrant," said Lilly smiling, but still without raising her eyes.

"In the third place, oh good servant, you are to put your feet on this stool, all comfortable, and then to sit still, without making one interruption, till I have told you a very long story."

A cloud gathered on the brow of the girl, and tears formed and hung on her dark lashes; but around the lips a smile was born, that turned the tears to a rainbow.

Then, as she raised her eyelids slowly, Love and Cupid saw that she was blind.

"I hear you, Philip," she said, in a tone of mingled hope and apprehension.

"Lilly, dearest, my plans are all prospering; I have received fresh letters and welcomes from my friends in the north;—to make my long story short, I have nothing to do but to take the journey, plan out my pathway, go to work both head and hands for three or four years, and my fortune is made. That is—if,—supposing"—he paused here, and gazed wistfully in her face.

The smile had disappeared; the cloud had spread and covered the whole heaven of her countenance; the tears rained down continually.

"Lilly, will you not aid me?—be my sunshine in cloudy weather, my help in perplexity, my refuge in trouble? Will you not hear me? *Could* you crush the greatest hope of my life?"

Lilly bent her head and kissed the hands that held hers in supplication, but made no answer.

There was no sound in the room; the girl was battling silently with her grief; the young man held his breath.

"I am mistaken," he cried at length—"Woman, do you love me?"

"Yes."

"Lilly, will you be my wife?"

"No."

The man stood in an agony of bewilderment, but Lilly had mastered her grief, and laying her hand on his shoulder, motioned him again to his seat.

"You know that I love you," she said in a low clear voice; "you know that from the time when first you led and taught me, a poor blind child, I have thought of you with more than love, with more than reverence; I have no mother, no sister, no friends to share my heart with you. You are to me the world."

"Are you listening, Philip? You are on the high road to fortune: your own strength, and your father's influence, will help you to almost any point for which you choose to aim. What would be the case if I were to stand across your pathway? disapproved by your father, unknown to your friends, a puny, ailing, helpless woman—a *blind* woman, Philip—what could I be but a clog on your course; a something to drag you continually backward, until your ambitious spirit became so timid that even *I* could not love you? A blind wife in a new country! only think how absurd it is, Philip;" she continued, striving vainly to smile.

"Lilly, dear, I need no man's influence; if you will go with me, and love me, I will work as a common laborer; I will toil day and night to earn you comfort and pleasure, and only ask for sweet words in return."

"I love you, and therefore I will not be your wife."

"Lilly, once more; think of the dreary life you will endure, when the only friend who could see the wealth of your timid heart, is gone for ever; think of the weary winter nights, when you will sit working all alone, with no ready eyes to lend you their aid, no cheerful voice to read aloud sweet thoughts, or sing you pleasant songs. Think of the long summer days, with no loving hand to lead you out into the fragrance. Think of the years—"

"Think of the years," chimed in Cupid earnestly, "when each succeeding day shall be darker and longer than the last; when you shall struggle in vain with sickness and poverty; when common kindness shall be an insult, compared with the wealth of love you have thrown away; when your very heart shall go blind with loneliness, groping ever for something to cling to, yearning for support, and finding none."

Cupid paused; the girl had risen and stood motionless, but all the while Love held her hand, and looked in her eyes.

"Am I answered?" said Philip, trembling.

Lilly drew nearer to him, and passed her hands caressingly over his forehead, and through his hair; then clasped her slight arms round his neck, and leaning her cheek upon his shoulder, lay there in perfect abandonment, like a weary soul that has just reached heaven. But soon she pushed him gently away, and raising her childish form to its full height, said calmly,—

"You are answered."

Philip looked upon her in silent dismay. She

stood quite motionless, her poor sightless eyes upturned to heaven, her small arms folded meekly over her bosom; looking like a great Thought turned to stone. He essayed to speak, but the words died away upon his lips; he left the house without a word.

Tramp, tramp, tramp; Love and Cupid listened to his footsteps as they echoed through the empty house, and down the long dreary hall; then the street door opened with a hollow, knelling sound—he was gone.

They turned again to the girl; she had slightly changed her position, and was leaning against a rough oak table in the centre of the room; still with arms folded—still with eyes upturned.

"I think she has fainted," said Cupid, growing uneasy; but as he spoke, he turned cold and shuddered, for he saw a great, black, shadowy Hand pressed close upon her forehead; and he knew that it was Death.

It was past midnight, and Love and Cupid were still within the limits of the city; the latter was dull and sad, but Love's eyes kept momentarily filling with brightness, and she seemed still revelling in the joy of her last triumph.

"Cruel, cruel Love!" said Cupid, bursting suddenly into tears, "you have brought to the foul grave the purest cheek that ever blushed for its own beauty. You are an impostor, and may go to some other world; your place here is wanted. Alas! she had the fairest neck I ever saw."

"She is fairer now, and happier," said Love. "We cannot hide a star in a violet; her soul was too bright for its clay."

"I wish you could see her at Home," continued Love; "but you cannot see so far, my poor child," she added pityingly.

"I have no desire to see beyond the earth," said Cupid with some disdain. "I know that I am lord of this creation, which for me is knowledge sufficient."

Love did not answer just then, for she was thinking. "It shall be!" she said at length, and raising her arms aloft, she cried in a loud clear voice.

And this is what Love said.

"In the name of the high Master of this and all other worlds, I command that the earth be for one day free from thought or shape of evil; that the eyes of this generation may be opened, and that they may comprehend a life of perfect Love."

While Cupid was wondering at this strange speech, the skies became gray, and then bright, and it was morning.

Now throughout that great city there were scenes of wonder and bewilderment; men awoke with the sunrise, and collected their thoughts for

the plots and plans of the day, when they found to their astonishment that their views were changed. Two merchants, who had gone to sleep with complacency at the thought of having overreached each other, were amazed to find themselves planning a reparation of the injustice. Two brothers, on whose wrath the sun had many times gone down and risen, sprang eagerly from sleep, and resolved to ask forgiveness. Two sisters, who had been for weeks at dagger's points concerning a gentleman who cared for neither of them, came bounding from their rooms, and rushed to a loving embrace. Two friends, whom a law suit had turned to enemies, strode hastily from their homes to seek the lawyers, in regard to a compromise. Two lawyers to whom they applied, advised them (it is true,) to give up the suit. Two editors, who had been annihilating each other with words for the last six months, came out in their respective leaders for the day, with ample apologies and praises. Two armies, encamped for battle in that part of the world, looked upon the faces of the men they had come to murder, and, seized with an unaccountable loathing of their trade, threw down their arms and rushed to embrace their enemies. Far and wide the blessing spread, floating down like a snowfall, covering with its purity the blackness of the guilt-stained world; all over the earth there were smiles and songs, and gentle words rising in a holy psalm to celebrate this first great Sabbath of Love.

But night came on, and the spell subsided; the blessing melted away in a thaw, and a mingled tide of good and evil flowed back upon the hearts of men.

READER, stupid reader! can you see in this picture only a wild conceit, and not a poet's prophecy? Behold, in the millions of days, slow marching in single file, across the plain of eternity, that very Sabbath so foreshadowed by Love! It is coming! it is coming! as a rising dawn upon the waters, to sun each darkling island-heart that it cannot cloud again; as a prophet-star from the twilight that summons earth to the presence of the universe. It is coming—a breath is falling on men's hearts, bringing forth hopes and yearnings and deep-rooted resolves, until weeds cannot grow for the multitude of flowers. It is coming—a foot is treading the waters, and the storms that have raged for ages of ages, bigotry, envy, lust, ambition, are sinking to sobs, to murmurs, to smiles. LOVE has appeared on earth, and many hearts have recognised her presence; she has spoken to the nations, and they have listened to her voice. Yea, the time is not distant, when Love shall reign supreme and universal, and the erst rebellious earth shall be once more the garden spot of Heaven!

## THE BRIDAL VEIL.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

NAY—pass not by it! Cast it not aside,  
With such a scornful smile upon thy lip,  
As if it were a thing all valueless,  
Unworthy of thy notice! Here are rare  
And costly fabrics that a Queen might wear;  
Rich silks whose brilliant coloring might mock  
The bright wing of the Oriel; and light  
And airy robes by Indian maidens wrought,  
In their low huts beneath the palm tree's shade,  
Where Ganges' blue waves glide: many a pearl  
Gleameth within yon casket: here are gems,  
Rubies, and amethysts, and emeralds green,  
Diamonds that shed a starry radiance round,  
And chains of burnished gold, that win the eye  
By their rare workmanship. But yet to me  
Yon simple web of lace, that thou hast cast  
Aside so heedlessly, robbed tho' it be  
Of its pure whiteness by the touch of Time,  
Is dearer far than all this store of wealth  
Outspread before thee—'Tis a holy thing,  
And I would guard it as the Moslem guards  
Relics from Mecca's shrine!

Come, sit thee down

On this low seat beside me: Leonor,  
My soul is weary of the thoughts that press  
So heavily upon me, I would fain  
Talk of the past awhile. That simple veil!  
How fondly memory lingereth round it yet,  
Tho' years have cast their shadow on my path  
Since first upon my brow it rested! 'T was  
A calm eve of summer time, eve like this,  
Sweet Leonor. Oh! I remember well  
The little cottage with its vine-clad porch;  
The tall dark trees whose drooping branches hung  
Lovingly over it; the tiny brook  
Whose murmur fell so softly on the ear;  
The sweet breath of the flowers; the quiet room  
Where my young sisters sang their evening song,  
And on that eve, with mingled smiles and tears,  
Arrayed me for my bridal! Then my eye,  
Now dim and lustreless, was clear and bright  
And sparkling as thine own. Around my brow  
Dark glossy ringlets clustered, and my cheek  
Wore the rich coloring of youth and health.  
And my young heart—Oh! 't was the abiding place  
Of all sweet fancies, and of happy thoughts,  
Those angel-visitants! What a strange thrill  
Sent the life-current faster through my veins;  
How my heart throbbed with its bewildering sense  
Of troubled happiness, as gentle hands  
Bound the white veil amid my raven curls  
With tenderest care! What a warm blush  
Rose even to my forehead, as the sound  
Of trampling hoofs was borne upon the air,  
And eager voices whispered, "He has come!"  
Then soon his low tones fell upon my ear,  
His whose true heart had given me all its love.  
We stood beside the altar. Solemn vows  
Were softly breathed, and hands were fondly clasped,  
And fervent prayers were said, and blessings given,  
And we were one forever! A new home  
In a far clime we sought, a quiet home,

Where the world's tumult, and its fever-strife  
Might enter not. And months and years went by—  
And we—oh! we were so blest! Love and Joy  
Sat ever by our hearthstone, and we were  
All earth unto each other. Heart to heart  
Was as an open book—a mirror where  
Each saw the image of its own deep love.  
Ay—we were very happy—but our bliss  
Seemed e'en like that of Heaven, when a fount—  
A new—a holy fount of tenderness—  
Gushed forth within our souls. Our first-born's voice  
Stirred the bright waters, and henceforth they made  
Unceasing melody! It was such bliss  
To note his radiant eye, as day by day,  
It gained more lustre from the soul that shone  
Through the long silken lashes;—'t was so sweet  
To mark the smile that wreathed his ruby lip,  
And catch the first bright rays from reason's lamp  
That lit up every feature—'t was so sweet  
To watch him softly slumbering,—while round  
His baby brow a halo seemed to play,  
As if the glory of the angel's wings—  
The angel-band that hovered round his couch  
Visiting him in his young dreams, had left  
A radiance there. Oh! unto us he was  
A very idol—and our fond hearts clung  
To that fair child, with an absorbing love,  
An all engrossing tenderness, that left  
Scarce even Heaven a part

And then he died—

Our precious baby died—The spoiler came,  
And to the soul-lit eye at first he gave  
Unearthly lustre—but while yet we gazed,  
He quenched its beams forever; and the voice  
That just had learned to syllable our names,  
Gave one faint cry of agony—and then  
Joined the glad song that infant cherubs sing,  
Around th' Eternal throne.

They took him from

My nerveless arm, and round his tiny form  
They wrapped the little shroud, and dressed him for  
The cold, cold grave—and then they would have laid  
A dark pall o'er him, but I could not bear  
To have my darling hidden from my sight,  
Before the tomb had won him—

So I sought

That pure white veil—the veil that I had worn  
In my glad bridal hour, and lightly o'er  
My babe's still form I spread the fragile web,  
And then I gazed upon the marble brow,  
The blue veined lids that shut so heavily,  
The silken lashes that so darkly lay  
Upon the rounded cheek, the lips that I  
Had kissed so oft—until they bore him hence,  
And left me desolate.

Dost wonder now

That I did say to thee, sweet Leonor,  
That pearls, nor gold, nor gems, nor costly robes  
Could be to me as is this simple veil  
Which to thine eye did seem so valueless?  
Oh! the fond heart hath treasures of its own  
The world's wealth could not buy.



## A LETTER,

FROM N. P. WILLIS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Under an engagement to furnish you an article for the coming number of your magazine, I have duly drawn rein upon my hard-working prose Pegasus, and endeavoured to shift the saddle to the back of my more occasional palfrey of verse. From long disuse, however, this more holiday ambler does not readily recover his paces; and I have found it impossible, in what time I had to spare, to get into condition worthily to fulfil my engagement. From my own hand I really could not send you a poem in time for your coming number—but, what say to a worthier substitute, of the same name?

A younger brother of mine has recently returned from a six years' residence in Germany, having devoted this long period (after graduation at Yale) to the study of musical composition. Among his lighter productions are several songs, the *music* of which I think of singular originality and beauty, but the *words* of which are also

from his own hand. These songs will appear in course of time from the press of Ditson, (the Boston publisher of music who produced the "Glenmary Waltzes," written by my brother before his departure for Europe,) but meantime, one of the songs, without the music, may perform for me, this needful duty of substitution.

One word as to the subject. In a recent excursion of my brother's to the wild scenery of the Taunus mountains in Germany, he visited a new and singular phenomenon of nature—a bright jet of mineral water which suddenly burst during the last year, from the greensward bosom of a remote valley, and which continues to rise, with a height varying from fifteen to twenty feet. This new-found up-spring of a hitherto concealed water of health, is an object of great curiosity in Germany, and the scenery around being very beautiful, it was a natural suggestion of music and poetry. The song runs thus:—

## THE FOUNTAIN.

BY RICHARD S. WILLIS.

### I.

Deep within a quiet valley,  
Burst a fountain forth to light,  
Burst, and sprang instinctive upward,  
For its source was on the height.  
But its bright and eager waters,  
Left not far their crystal track,  
Bonds invisible detain'd them,  
And they fell exhausted back.

### II.

On that fountain's mossy margin,  
Still, at eve, I sat reclin'd,  
Listen'd to the fountain's music,  
Wish'd I might its chain unbind!  
Thought, tho' hands unseen extending  
Still drew back its silver rain,  
Airy arms would soon receive it,—  
Soon as cloud, 't would mount again.

### III.

In my bosom's quiet valley,  
Bursts the fount of life its sod,  
Bursts, and strives instinctive upward,  
For its lofty source is God  
But that striving spirit-fountain  
Gains not far its upward track,  
Bonds invisible detain it,—  
Oft it sinks exhausted back!

### IV.

On that fountain's crystal margin,  
Sits a spirit, still-reclin'd,  
Radiant now, with silver pinion,  
But a soul, from earth refin'd!  
Still that gentle spirit watches,  
Waits till mine shall rend its chain,  
While its pinion, half-unfolding,  
Lures me still the height to gain!

## SONNET

BY CAROLINE MAY.

Oh! what avails it, that we have a dower  
Of golden talents and of priceless gifts,—  
Strong stirring eloquence that strangely lifts  
The soul from earth by its resistless power;  
Or music, whose far-reaching tones can melt  
The rough heart of proud man, and creep  
Through woman's breast, until its mysteries deep

Are half explained which long had hidden dwelt;  
Or poetry, whose magic wand can make  
The desert blossom as the rose;—Oh what  
Are all these wondrous pow'rs, if we have not  
The fear of Him, who with one word can take  
Eloquence—music—poetry away,  
And leave us nothing more than speechless, senseless clay!

# ROANOKE; OR, WHERE IS UTOPIA?

BY C. H. WILEY, AUTHOR OF "ALAMANCE."

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1849, BY C. H. WILEY, IN THE OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

(Continued from page 312.)

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE STORY OF OLD DAN TUCKER.

"SOME folks," said the old fiddler, "can't tell their own history without going into the history of all their forefathers. Now, for my part, I never cared much about these things: we all came from Adam; and therefore, though I've no doubt the race of the Tuckers has always been honest and honorable, yet I don't consider that this makes me any better than other people. I'm bound to say, however, that I'm proud of my father; he was a good, and, I may say, a great man, and a real philosopher. He used to live on this very island; and right back of my house, in them woods you saw as you came up, he and my mother is buried; but my mother died first. When she died, father could n't bear to stay here; so he sold out, all except a few of his negroes, and moved away up the country, and settled on the banks of the Roanoke river. He loved that name of Roanoke, and one of his greatest friends was an Injun by that name. He wasn't all Injun, but he was descended from one, and he was a noble old man. He and father used to be a great deal together: they talked philosophy and politics together, hunted together, and fished together. Father, as I said, was a philosopher: he had but two children, me and my little sister, a sweet and beautiful little girl.

"We were never sent to school, but were taught at home by father; and he took great pains with our educations, instructing both of us in ancient history, and in the science of government, as he used to call it. We lived very much to ourselves, father not allowing us to visit much among our neighbors; and as for sister, she grew up without hardly knowing what a man was. We were a family of fiddlers; father played on the fiddle—I played and sister played; and if we did live to ourselves, we used to make ourselves happy and merry, I tell you. Old Roanoke was very fond of music too: he would come and stay with us a

week at a time; and at last he sent his son, his only child, to live with us, and to learn to play the fiddle. The lad was about my age—a generous, sharp, handsome youth; and as sister was his main teacher, they began to get very intimate, and, as I and father thought and hoped, in love with each other.

"Now we had one neighbor at whose house we used to visit; father was wont to say *he* was not a barbarian, because he could appreciate music, and used to bring his daughter to hear us. She was a monstrous sweet girl, that Sally Jones, but her father was proud and aristocratic, and, like *my* father, wouldn't let his child associate with hardly anybody in the neighborhood. She was mightily tickled at first when she saw young Roanoke, who still dressed and acted like the Injuns, though he was nearly as white as I was. She had never seen an Injun afore, and she stared at him and stared at him; then she examined his dress, and at last got to talking very familiarly to him, asking him a great many questions about his forefathers, their customs and manners. As for sister, she had been used to Injuns, and knowed all about them, and so she and Sally became very intimate, visited each other, and told each other all their secrets. As young Roanoke was always with sister, of course he was a great deal in the company of Miss Sally Jones; and as I begun to like the girl, I used to send messages and presents by him to her. The truth is," continued old Dan, heaving a deep sigh, "the truth is—yes, I must confess it—I loved Sally Jones. I loved her with all my heart—I loved every article of dress she wore, and I remembered every thing she said. But the more I loved her the more I was afraid of her. I even got so that I could n't talk to her; but you may depend on it, I made my fiddle talk! I improved amazingly—I could almost make myself cry with my sentimental tunes; and when I was where she was, I always played these.

"After playing round her for a long time, and playing at her, and sighing, and looking sad at

her, and hinting to her, I at last screwed my courage up to the point, and went to tell her my feelings. I took my fiddle with me: I played several of my most affecting tunes to her (we were all alone), and then I began to tell her my mind. I began away off, and stammered about mightily at first; but gradually I warmed up, and then such a speech as I did make her! When I got through, she looked at me so kindly and sweetly that my heart got right up into my throat; and, with a voice as sweet as her looks, she said, says she, 'I'm very sorry for you, but you're too late, Mr. Tucker; I've already given my heart away.'

"It's no use to talk about how I felt, it's all over now; but I must say that them words, 'you're too late, Mr. Tucker,' have been ringing in my ears from that day to this. I composed a melancholy tune on it; and it got to be a by-word among all the young people of the country, 'You're too late, Mr. Tucker!'

"But who the deuce could she be in love with? I told over the whole matter to Roanoke; and he—he was a real gentleman—shed tears when he told me that he loved Miss Sally Jones. He declared that he never had dreamed that I loved her; and that he never had told his own feelings to her, though sister had, and had talked to Miss Sally for him.

"If it is not too late, Mr. Tucker,' said he, 'I'll resign in your favor, and I'll leave the neighborhood, and never see her again.'

"I then went to sister to chide her for trying to benefit another to my ruin; but she laughed right out, and said, 'Why did 'nt you tell me this long ago. You're too late now; I've done all I could for your friend, and Sally Jones loves him to distraction.'

"So she did, but her father did 'nt; but Miss Sally cried and fretted till the old man had to let them get married, though he never would give them one cent of property. The Injun was proud and high spirited; he would 'nt let any body treat him as an inferior, and so he took his beautiful bride, whom he loved very tenderly, and carried her off to his own country. My father was a little touched by my misfortunes; but he finally laughed it off, saying to me every day after this, "Daniel, my son, you are always too late." So I was after this; I went into a moping mood, and noticed nothing, while father was too much engaged to pay attention to the visits of a strange character who came into the neighborhood. This was a young scape-gallows, who belonged to a race common in them days; he was a "Frontier Wolf," which was a kind of people without home, parents, or name. They were the children of runaways, thieves and adventurers; were born in the swamps, on the sands down in Arabia, and in such places where they have no wives and husbands, or else swap them about or have them all in common. Their children, generally, have but one name, which we call the christened name, though

certainly, precious few of them knew what a christening was; and as they grew up, they took some other nickname, or else their companions gave them one. Thus, I have known a Tom Shortlegs, a Bill Squint, a Jack Tearshirt, and a Jim Flatfoot; and thus it is, no doubt, that that bony rascal, Tim Ribs, got his name. I've no doubt he was one of these nameless children of the desert; and his surname of Ribs was given to him on account of his poverty stricken body. Well, this fellow who used to come about our neighborhood, was called Sam Step-and-fetch-it; an odd name, but which suited him exactly.—He was a light, spry, nimble-witted lad; had a good face, and a straight leg, and sung a song remarkably well. He was a pedlar of small wares, and every sort of odd notion; was a merry-hearted fellow, and was amazing fond of talking to the girls. They were fond of him, too; and thus, while I was in the dumps for Sally Jones, and father was engaged with his philosophy, sister found time to get well acquainted with the young pedlar. She would make him sing for her, and tell her stories about his strange life and adventures; and the upshot of the whole of it was, she ran away with him and married him. Poor thing! no doubt she loved him, and was afraid to tell father or me of it; this caused her to marry him secretly, and then she was ashamed to come back. Thus one folly follows another; and thus my dear sister disappeared, and I have never seen or heard from her since. God knows, I would freely forgive her, and love her still, if she would return; but I shall go down to the grave without ever seeing again her bright eyes, or hearing the prattle of her gentle voice." The old man's eyes were moist, and there was a silence of some moments before he thus continued his story: "Father sent me out in search of sister, and for months I roamed over the country, always carrying my fiddle with me; and I'd often hear of her, and get on her track, but always too late. 'My son,' said father, when I came home, 'women are all weak, foolish creatures, always excepting your sainted mother. Don't you see how they all like and run after foreigners? Sally Jones loved your rival because he was an Injun, and she had never seen an Injun before; and your sister would 'nt love him because she did know him, and loved that Frontier Wolf, Sam Step-and-fetch-it, because he was an outlandish son of an outlandish race. I never knew but one woman that was a woman, as a woman ought to be; and that was your mother. Get all our things ready, and let us move back to Roanoke Island; I want to spend the evening of my days near my sainted Mary's grave.' Again I was too late; father sickened and died before we could get off; but I brought his body here, and laid it beside my mother's. That's all my history that's worth hearing now."

It did not seem to the company that they had all that was interesting in the story of Dan; they







"Thus they continued, becoming more and more lively and animated, the one pouring himself out on 'George Booker,' the other carried away by 'Killecrankie.'"

wished to know whom, when and how he had finally married, and what had become of the mother of Walter. But Dan appeared disposed to be silent on these subjects, and his guests were too civil to ask him any questions about them.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A FAMOUS CHARACTER.

THAT evening, quite a sensation was produced on the premises of Pocosin Dan, by the arrival of another guest. It was no less a personage than the famous Zip Coon, a hale and hearty old cock; upon whom the weight of forty-five years hung as lightly as did the garments that encased his giant proportions. He was dressed in his Sunday apparel; his immense bell-crowned hat, sitting like a pyramid reversed, upon the crown of his head, and leaving exposed to view his curly black hair sprinkled with a few gray blossoms; his blue coat, with its metal buttons, its long, peaked tail and its high, stiff collar, had been carefully cleaned and brushed, and his loose buff trowsers were sufficiently short to show with what care his boots had been varnished. A huge ruffle ornamented the bosom of his shirt, the chain of his watch jingled with a bunch of seals and keys, and the small patch of whiskers under each ear, had been trimmed and curled with the nicest care. There was a constant frown upon the brow of Zip, his motions were violent and his voice loud and sturdy; but despite the roughness of his manner and the harshness of his words, it was easy to see that his big heart was as warm as his face was red. Equally plain was it that he enjoyed life with lively relish, though he affected to live only among the recollections of that remote and undefined antiquity known in all ages as "the good old times;" nor did his looks justify the epithet which had become indissolubly connected with his name. In fact, the word old has often a different meaning from that of aged, an assertion proved by the case of Mr. Coon, whom his mother dubbed "Old Zip," when he lay a burly infant in her lap, and who was thus ever afterwards known. He seemed to be an old friend of Pocosin Dan's, and of his servants', each one of which he shook cordially by the hand, while Dan conferred the same honor on Booker, the favorite slave and constant companion of Zip. As soon as these ceremonies were finished, Old Zip cast his eyes towards a sideboard, and Dan understanding the hint, a flask of brandy instantly appeared, and was quickly emptied of at least one half its contents. Mr. Coon next looked curiously at Robert Bladen and his sister, and his host again understanding him, related what he knew of their history, telling them at the same time, that his new guest was an old acquaintance of his, a Virginian, and a fiddler

of note. The dangers and troubles of the young English couple, furnished Old Zip with a text, from which he began a tirade against the Province of North Carolina, and against his friend Pocosin Dan, for dwelling among such a people. Dan was not prepared to admit the truth of any of Zip's assertions touching these matters, and soon the two friends fell into a furious dispute, each one manfully contending for the honor of his Province and denouncing the country of the other, its institutions, its inhabitants, and their manners and customs. There was about Mr. Coon's manner a smack of the modern orator, for his gestures were a little pompous, and though arguing with his host, he addressed himself chiefly to the bystanders; Dan, on the contrary, though he did not speak so loud, laugh so often, nor flourish his arms so furiously, spoke straight at his antagonist, emphasising each sentence by slapping his right hand into the palm of his left, and hurling a shower of pungent arrows, every one of which struck its mark. There was another point of difference between the friends. Old Zip was more ready to attack, but old Dan the more tireless when the fight was begun, and thus, to the great relief of the spectators, he at last worried down his opponent, and the strife, for a while, ceased. The Bladens now prevailed on them to tune their violins and engage in a more entertaining rivalry; but when Zip, after much blowing, spitting and screwing, had got his instrument ready, the fiddlers could not agree upon a tune. Dan was for playing certain Scotch airs, which were favorites with him; Mr. Coon preferred the Virginia reel, and so they were soon in the midst of another dispute. Waxing warm in the strife, each man struck up a different air, which he performed tastefully and accurately, without being in the least confused by the music of the other. Thus they continued, becoming more and more lively and animated, the one pouring himself out on "George Booker," the other carried away by "Killecrankie;" the one swaying to and fro, patting his feet and droning with his voice; the other sitting straight and motionless as to his body, his head thrown back, and his upturned eyes in "a fine phrenzy rolling," till at last, in a perfect phrenzy, old Zip threw his whole soul into that brisk reel, which has been called after himself, while Pocosin Dan discoursed in the most ravishing manner, that immortal tune with which his name is linked forever. Having thus displayed their powers, their independence and their tastes, the rival fiddlers became extremely amicable and harmonious, and played in concert for the rest of the evening. Their music, which had held in mute rapture the three young listeners, finally gave way to an anxious consultation, in which each one present took a part and which concerned the future conduct of more than Robert Bladen and his sister. The situation of the little Pocosin was an embarrassing one, for his father was satisfied, for some unexpressed reason, that it was improper



to continue him longer with Ricketts, while he was too scrupulously honest to forfeit his word. The lad himself had no desire to return, for he was disgusted with the manners of the bankers, whose mode of life he could not endure. It was finally agreed, however, that he should for the present go back to the beach, though he was to delay his journey until his father, Zip Coon, and their English friends could start for New Berne, whither they intended to go by the first opportunity. The house of Dan was on Roanoke Island, not far from the great Occam River, or Pamlico Sound, and it was not uncommon for vessels to pass within hailing distance. It was uncertain, however, when one would pass that way, and preparations were making for an overland trip, when, on the second day after their arrival on the island, Bladen and his sister were rejoiced to hear that a ship was in sight. Walter was now over and over again secretly counseled by his father in regard to his future conduct, loaded with messages and presents by Alice, for her little friend Utopia, and for her mother, and kindly admonished by Zip to keep a "bright look out, and be a man." He himself said but little, but his eye grew a shade darker and more melancholy, and his voice sounded with a deeper and softer pathos, as he parted from his father and his friends. Dan himself, locking his house, and leaving it in the care of his faithful servants, shook cordially by the hand every human being that he left behind him, taking a silent leave of Walter, while the tears glistened in his mild blue eyes.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### SOCIETY IN NEW BERNE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THE society of New Berne, gilded by the presence of the illustrious Susannah Carolina Matilda, shone with a lustre little inferior to that which blazed in the courts of royalty itself. Stars are the attendants of night; and thus, while the royal sun illumined with his unrivalled beams the precincts of St. James, his chastened rays were reflected in the fair and distant town on the Neuse by a softer luminary, not dazzling enough to obscure or hide a host of lesser lights that gemmed the provincial firmament.

The votaries of pleasure and ambition flocked in from all parts of the adjacent country; the minions of fashion vied with each other in splendid equipages and rich costumes, and a spirit of devoted and generous loyalty animated the highest and the lowest. The streets were thronged with a gay and glittering crowd, a contagious desire for extravagant display laid hold of every rank, and wild revelry, feasting and rejoicing were the order of the day and of the night. It was in the midst of these festivities that the English strangers

arrived in town, and found it so crowded that it was difficult to get accommodations. For the present they deemed it proper to conceal their names and rank, and as neither Dan nor his friend Coon, cut a very distinguished figure, the party were rudely received at every fashionable house, and compelled, at last, to put up at the inn of Mons. Dufrong, a dapper little Frenchman, above whose door George the Third and Henry Quatre, were shaking hands over a mug of foaming ale.

The house of Mons. Dufrong, the "Carolina Inn," held a respectable position in the second rank, and was kept wonderfully clean and neat, though its dimensions were small, and though the same roof covered an inn and a grocery, both belonging to the same proprietor. The three men were all crowded into one small apartment, while the lady was installed in a chamber that looked as if it had been prepared for some Lilliputian queen; and it was, therefore, at once resolved, by the English couple, that they would pay their respects at court on the next morning. They took a friendly leave of their late companions, Alice exhibiting even more than usual warmth and frankness in her manners towards them, while the conduct of Robert, without being haughty, was sufficiently reserved to show that he had now assumed his superiority of rank.

"I tell you, friend Zip," said Dan, when they were gone, "there is something strange about them children, and I can't take my thoughts off them. Just think of it; here they are, poor things, without experience, and without parents, and far away from home, and as innocent and as frisky as two lambs while some one may be preparing to slaughter them! What did they run off for? why did they come here? Why I should a' thought, that all the young gallants of old England would 'ave gone into mourning when that blessed little creature came away!"

"There 's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," replied Zip; "and, for my part, I never trouble myself to account for the antics of the women. But when you talk about purty gals, you forget old Virginny, the greatest place for sich things, it's given up, in all the world. Why, sir, I've seen at least five hundred that are no more to compare to Miss Bladen, nor the queen is to the wife of a sand banker. Alice, indeed! if you think *her* a beauty!"

"I say she *is* a beauty," interrupted Dan, with animation; "I say she *is* a beauty; a sweet, tender, dear little creature, the like of who is not to be found in all Virginny, and never was, and never will be, till the day of doom. I've been in Virginny, and I've been in South Carolina and Georgia, and I'm an old man to boot—older and more experienced than you, Mr. Coon, and I've never seen such a girl before, excepting only one."

"And who was she?" asked Zip.

"Utopia," replied Dan; "you've heard me speak of her!"

"Are de Messrs. Zhantlemen Coony and Tuckaire, in?" asked Mons. Dufrong, popping his powdered head in at the door.

"In where, Monsieur Bullfrog?" asked old Zip.

"Vat, you call me Bullfrog, saire! hah, hah, goot—tres-bien, Monsieur Coony is verrai much amusan, verrai! Bullfrog! hah, hah!"

"What do you want?" asked Dan.

"Noting, saire; I vant noting—but de quel dites? de Gouvernaire, he servant call for you, Messrs."

"Send him in here," replied Coon, and immediately a negro in livery entered, and announced that his excellency Josiah Martin, Governor, &c., would be pleased to see Mr. Tucker and Mr. Coon, at ten o'clock that morning, and to present them to the Queen's sister.

The heart of Zip throbbed at this announcement, and he was fully satisfied that his own consequence had procured him the honor; but Dan took a different view of the matter and saw the hand of Alice Bladen in the whole proceeding. Proud he certainly was of such a distinction, but he was a modest man and he felt a painful consciousness of his want of polish. Mr. Coon was not at all abashed, believing that he could cut a figure any where, and both knew that a request, from such a source was equal to a command, and accordingly commenced making preparations. Tucker had with him an old pair of velvet shorts and a laced vest which he had worn in his youth and these he donned, while his companion wore the dress in which he was introduced to the reader at Roanoke Island. Each had a servant with him, and these were busily engaged for at least one hour in giving a finishing touch to their masters' toilette.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### SOCIETY IN NEW BERNE \*—CONTINUED.

WHEN the two fiddlers arrived at the palace, they found a sentinel in the yard, and were informed that only one of them could enter at a time. Of course Zip, being the bolder, and a Virginian, took precedence, and the soldier marched him towards the entrance, calling out his name to the servant who stood at the door. Zip, at this,

\* What is said here of Society in New Berne is strictly true; there was none more elegant in the United States. Indeed, the place was once a most delightful one, distinguished alike for its hospitality, its beauty as a town, and the moral excellence and intellectual eminence of its citizens. Here lived the Stanleys—*magnum et venerabile nomen*—than the head of which family, the late John Stanley, there was not a more accomplished gentleman or able debater in the Union: here lived, also, the late Judge Gaston, a man universally venerated in North Carolina for his abilities and his matchless purity: and here lived the Shepards, the Bryans, the Washingtons, and other families old as the State and distinguished throughout it.

stopped and looked inquiringly at his conductor, who waved his hand, saying, "Go forward, sir."

"Mr. Zippy Coon!" bawled the servant at the door, as he led the former towards the audience hall. "You're very familiar!" exclaimed old Zip; "what do you want?" "Walk on, if you please," replied the boy; and Mr. Coon strode forward, scowling furiously at the last servant, who ushered him into the presence of the Governor, and again repeated his name.

As Mr. Tucker ran this gauntlet of officials he felt more abashed than Zip, as his name was repeated, but he held his peace till, at last, unable to stand it any longer, he cried out, "I'm not deaf, friend; what'll you have?" When he entered, almost in a run, he found his friend quite at his ease, and relating to the Governor the impudent conduct of his servants; whom, he said, but for his respect for his excellency, he should have left with not an ear among them. Martin was a man of too much breeding to laugh at Zip's mistake, or to shame him by correcting it, and so, promising to look into the conduct of his dependents, he presented the fiddlers to his illustrious guest. She was gracious enough to permit both to kiss her hand—a ceremony which Dan, at least, would have performed with considerable grace, had he not caught the sparkling eye of Alice Bladen, from whose kindly-beaming face he could not divert his looks. Indeed, the old man was so overwhelmed by the beauty and splendor that surrounded him, that the sight of a familiar face was a relief to him; and though he had before thought her extremely fair, she now looked a thousand times more lovely than ever, seeming to him a vision of more than mortal sweetness. Fearful, however, lest he might violate some cardinal rule of etiquette, Dan renewed his acquaintance only with his eyes, and, in fact, stood perfectly mute, until the lady Susannah, seeing his embarrassment, with admirable tact undertook to relieve him.

"I am just informed, Mr. Tucker," said she to him, "that you and your friend, Mr. Coon, are admirable musicians, and have acquired considerable fame by your skill upon the violin."

"We make some pretensions that way, may it please your gracious ladyship," answered Dan, "but we do not deserve such a compliment as your ladyship has paid us." "I am, myself, a poor judge of such things," returned the lady Susannah, "but you have a friend here who speaks in raptures of you. By the way, I take it on myself to thank you for your kindness to the girl Alice Bladen, and I will see that you are rewarded in a more substantial way."

"May it please your gracious ladyship," said Dan, "I am already rewarded, and cannot think of receiving any thing more. I would—if your ladyship will forgive me—I would only beg the favor of your ladyship that I and my friend might be permitted to hear the concert to-night." "Cer-

tainly you shall be permitted," replied the lady Susannah; "and I will see that seats are prepared expressly for your accommodation."

"Chester Rowton!" cried the servant at the door, and the buzz of conversation instantly ceased, while all eyes were bent on the elegant stranger. Dan had looked with amazement and delight on the fine and stately forms that moved through the hall, and his heart had swelled with pride as he had thought of the impression the gentlemen of Carolina must make on his friend, old Zip; but even he, prejudiced as he was in favor of his native province, instantly awarded in his mind the prize of superiority to him whose name was last announced. His broad forehead and his eagle eye commanded the respect of the men, while his brilliant dress, his glossy curls, and his graceful manners, at once fascinated nearly every female beholder. The delight and wonder excited by his presence had not yet subsided, when another sensation was produced by the cry, "Doctor M'Donald de Riboso!" Alice, who had suddenly become serious when Rowton was announced, now astonished every body by bursting into a fit of laughter, as she beheld the phenomenon at the door. There he was, her quondam beau, the veritable Dr. Ribs, his shoulders covered with flaming red locks, his hugely jointed legs tightly bound in light-colored shorts and silk hose, and an enormous rapier hanging by his side, and threatening at every step to trip him up. Pausing at the entrance of the hall to fix the attention of every eye, he bowed lowly and smilingly towards each point of the compass, and then, advancing, knelt reverently at the feet of the half-frightened lady Susannah, and taking, with both his hands, the tips of her fingers, he kissed them with a loud smack, and then arose and stood before her. At this instant Alice, who was standing behind the object of the doctor's attentions, again exploded with a merry laugh; and the lady Susannah, as she looked up at the startling object before her, felt that she would be willing to give half her jewels for permission to indulge in a cachinnation like that which was ringing near her. As she looked up, with her mouth pursed, and her whole face showing the tortures of the laughing distemper which had seized her, the doctor again tried to overwhelm her with a look and a smile. Alice again gave violent vent to her feelings, and the lady Susannah gracefully but precipitately left the room, touching Alice as she went, and being followed by her.

## CHAPTER XX.

### A CONVERSATION IN THE PALACE.

"PRAY tell me girl what sort of gentlemen have they in Carolina?" asked the lady Susannah when she was alone with Alice.

"A rare species, judging by the specimens I have seen," answered Alice; "I tell you I've seen wonders enough to fill a book."

"All of which you must relate to me, my dear," returned her ladyship; "but first tell me who is this Mr. Rowton and his friend Doctor Ribs? What an odd pair they are, Hyperion and Satyr!"

"Did you ever see either of them before?"

"I've seen them in Utopia," replied Alice.

"Utopia? where is that? This is certainly a wonderful country, abounding in still more wonderful people."

"Utopia is a name given by some philosophic wag to that part of the beach where we were wrecked," said Alice. "And is that where you saw Mr. Rowton?" inquired the lady Susannah.

"Yes; I saw him there, and have seen him in England."

Her ladyship looked hard at Alice, as she continued, "Did 'nt he come with you to this country?"

"He was in the same ship," answered Alice.

"I thought it must be he," cried the Lady Susannah.

"I thought it was he, the moment I saw him. You must know, my dear, that report has preceded you here, and that it is said you have behaved in a very naughty manner towards a kind old uncle, and a handsome gallant. I defended you at first, but I think I shall have to turn against you, for I wonder how you could find it in your heart to refuse such an offer."

"I do not love him," said Alice Bladen.

"What a pity!" exclaimed her ladyship; "come, you must think better of this matter; but I must tell you what we have heard." And, hereupon, her ladyship related what had passed between her and the Governor, and the Governor's lady, in regard to her; and Alice, who, feeling bound to unbosom herself to such an illustrious lady, became confidential, and briefly told the history of her life.

"I am a woman," said the Lady Susannah, at last, "and I know how to judge a woman's heart; but still I wish you could love this gentleman, for he is a very proper gallant. You say you have a distant relation living on the Cape Fear?"

"We claim kindred," answered Alice, "but the degree is very far removed."

"In which case," said Lady Susannah, "you, while in distress, should not be the first to recognize the relationship. Believe me, this is good advice, but you shall run no risk, for I am going to the Cape Fear myself, and you shall be one of my suite."

"I humbly thank your ladyship."

"You humbly fiddlestick," returned the Lady Susannah; "is this any thing to thank me for? In faith, my royal sister would hardly be ashamed of seeing such a gem among her jewels; but, tell me, my dear, think you the gallant Rowton will follow you?"

"It is not possible for me to say what are his designs," answered Alice.



"You must not be too harsh upon him," said Lady Susannah; "the Governor is half disposed to send you back to England, and perhaps, while under his supervision, it would be well to appear to encourage Rowton. It might be dangerous to leave him behind. Do you understand me?"

"I do not know that I do," answered Alice; "it is impossible for me to disguise my sentiments, nor would I attempt!"

"Leave it all to me—let me manage it," replied her Ladyship. "As soon as your gallant sees that I am intimate with you, he will approach me in regard to you, and you may be sure I'll manage all things for the best. Now, tell me something of Dr. Riboso, or Ribose—who is he, what is he, and where did he come from?"

"He is a Utopian," said Alice, "a poor vain fool, whose real name is Ribs, who has had the effrontery to make love to me."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed her Ladyship.

"You need not be so astonished," continued Alice, "for if you will permit me to tell you so, he has fallen desperately in love with your Ladyship."

"Treason, treason!" cried the Lady Susannah: "how can you say such a thing?—the monster!"

"He is certainly in love with you," said Alice, "and he'll tell you so. He is one of those vain, silly creatures, who imagine that all the ladies love them, when in fact, we make free with them because we do not respect them. What fun we might have if your Ladyship would take the right course."

"Hush, child, I see the whole game—but mark me! when a lady who is sister to the Queen, condescends to such foolery, a discreet silence is becoming in her confidants."

"I understand you," said Alice, "and your Ladyship may trust me implicitly."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A STRANGE VISITOR ARRIVES IN NEW BERNE.

As Pocosin Dan and his friend Coon returned from their visit to the Palace, they were not a little surprised by an apparition that met them in the street. This was the little Pocosin, who carried a small bundle under his arm, a gun, bow and arrows, and was stained with mud from his head to his feet! His appearance had excited quite a sensation in the town, and when he was met by his father, a troop of boys and negroes were following at his heels, and the windows along the street were filled with faces. The father, now moving in fashionable society in a fashionable place, was mortified at the plight of his son, who had become a spectacle; but the feelings of nature quickly triumphed over those of pride, and the old man shed tears of joy as he embraced the lad with affectionate fervor.

He, himself, and his companion Zip, were also objects of curiosity in the streets of New Berne; and thus the crowd which had followed Walter, received constant accessions, until it swelled into a disorderly mob, upon whom Zip, ever and anon, cast a look of defiance, and sometimes bestowed a blessing in language more energetic than polite. Tucker held his peace and mended his pace as the crowd pressed around him, laughing and hooting; and Walter, his lips compressed and his dark eyes gleaming with a deep and dangerous meaning, kept his right hand pressed upon the hilt of a dagger, which he carried in his bosom. In this way the three friends moved on until they reached the hotel, where they were politely received by Mons. Dufrong, who, resenting the indignity which had been offered to his guests, harangued their disorderly followers in language that excited the most boisterous merriment. Old Dan now learned the cause of his son's sudden appearance, and heard, with no little interest, an account of recent occurrences at Utopia. "After the Bladens left me," said Walter, "my employer began to treat his wife in the most cruel manner, and it was during their quarrels that I found out what a scoundrel he was. I found out that he was a most dishonest man; that he would steal and cheat whenever he got a chance, and that he was in the habit of holding out lights to deceive sailors and cause wrecks. He kept a horse for this very purpose, and no doubt in the world he was the cause of the loss of the ship which was wrecked on the night of the ball. All this his wife had heard from Ike Harvey, her other husband, and all this she told me, and warned me to leave as soon as I could. While I was thinking about how I might get off, there was another alarm about Wild Bill, and that night Utopia, the little daughter of Mrs. Ricketts, disappeared. During all the next day, there was a continual alarm about Bill, and on the night following, and while Mrs. Ricketts was absent on a visit, a company of robbers broke into the house, took old Ricketts out of his bed and murdered him, and then carried off all the valuables they could find. I slept in the store, which was broken open after the murder was committed, and I was tied and gagged, and left in that condition till morning. I remained fastened in that way, until late in the morning, when some men came over to trade and released me. We found the body of old Ricketts lying in the yard, entirely stiff and barbarously mangled, but we could get no clue to the murderers, for I did not know a single one of those whom I saw. They were all black and had on singular dresses, and no man spoke a single word during the whole performance."

It was known that the old man and his wife had often quarreled; she had several times been heard to throw out hints that Bill would some day give him his deserts; and on the very night of the

murder, she told the neighbor with whom she was staying, that she had come there to get out of the way. She was very merry that night, got nearly drunk, and often said that she felt sure something good for her was going to happen. Rowton, who took an active part in the matter, gathered up all these facts; and he is firmly of the opinion that the old woman and Wild Bill had colluded together. He thinks that the girl was sent off on the first night on purpose, and that the old woman expected to make her escape in a few days. He therefore, had her arrested, and a large number of the bankers, (for they are very much excited,) are bringing her to this place. They say that they intend to bring her to the Governor at once, and to have a reward offered for Bill, as well as vindicate their own neighborhood from the charge of bloodshed. The old woman herself, is anxious to be brought here, for she wants to see Miss Alice Bladen, but no one can imagine what is her object.

"I left immediately; and after going by home, have walked through swamps nearly all the way in hopes that I might come upon the den of Bill."

"And what would you have done with him, my lad?" asked Coon.

"I would have killed him, and brought Utopia away," answered Walter. The only reply Zip saw fit to make to this, was an explosion of laughter, so loud, so hearty, and so long continued and provoking, that the boy exhibited symptoms of the extreme mortification which it caused him. "Don't get angry, my boy," said Zip, wiping his eyes; "don't get angry, but the fact is," and here he again gave furious vent to his risible inclinations. He finished at last, and extending his hand to Walter, bade him cherish his brave spirit, but not to be too sanguine of being a second Hercules, who, according to Zip, knocked a bull down with his fist, and choked sundry lions and tigers till their tongues came out. Walter took the apology in good part, and then went with his father to see the Governor, who, as Dan suggested, might be anxious to talk with him.

His Excellency had, in fact, just given an audience to Rowton and his follower Riboso or Ribbs, and to gratify Alice Bladen as well as himself, was just on the eve of sending for the little Pocassin. Walter had dressed himself in the finest apparel which he had with him, but still, when he entered the Palace, and beheld its splendid furniture, he felt painfully conscious of his own rusticity, and wished himself again in the woods. He expected to see a race of men corresponding with the house, and he felt an awe as if he were advancing towards the presence of some superior being. After all, however, in those like Walter Tucker, it is only the reflection of the soul that can awe and subdue; and hence, when the young man saw before him a face stamped only with common passions and common attributes, his fears entirely

vanished. He expected, therefore, to be unconcerned when Alice advanced, but the moment he caught her eye, his own fell, his frame trembled and his courage forsook him. He had seen her often before; he had talked to her and been with her often at Utopia, and yet he did not feel then any embarrassment. Perhaps since then, his thoughts had dwelt on her, and now she occupied a different position in his mind; perhaps it was her dress and the place; but whatever was the cause, his voice faltered and his manner became constrained and awkward. She, too, had altered in her manners, for, as he quickly saw, she had nearly forgotten him, and met him with a reserve and hauteur that surprised and offended him. Her conduct increased his confusion, till, as he thought, he detected a covert sneer at some awkward expression, and his swelling heart at once threw off its tremor, his eyes flashed, and from his lips fell words that astonished every one who heard him. His story excited the deepest interest in the Governor, and Walter observing this, eagerly asked what reward he might expect, were he to bring Wild Bill, dead or alive, to town.

"I am afraid the Council will not allow me to pay anything," said his Excellency; "for the treasury is low and the people discontented. However, if you will—"

"May it please your Highness," interposed Walter, "you do not understand me. I did not allude to any reward of money, but, I thought—I thought—"

"You thought what?" asked his Excellency smiling.

"I thought, if your Excellency would recommend me, or get the Lady Susannah to recommend me to some place in the army, I'd try."

"Come, my son," said his father; "never ask for your reward till you've won it. I'm afraid, Sir, we've tired your Excellency, and if you'll excuse us, we'll now take our leave."

"You may be assured, young man," said Martin, "that if you do what you have impliedly promised, the path of promotion will be open to you; but mind, do not risk too much. This Wild Bill is a cunning as well as a valiant rascal, and I have heard many astonishing things of him."

"Suppose I get you knighted," said the Lady Susannah, "what name would you take? Sir Walter Tucker sounds rather plebeian, I think."

Alice laughed—it was an innocent laugh, and perhaps excited by some odd fancy of her own, but it stung Walter, and he answered, "I'll take my father's name, and perhaps some day it will not be one to be laughed at." The laugh of Alice became more violent, and Walter left in confusion.

(To be continued.)

## TALES OF THE PURITANS.

### THE COLLEGE AND THE RECTORY.

~~~~~  
BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.  
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"You are welcome, my son," said Mr. Winthrop, rising from his seat, and extending his hand to a young man who had just entered the apartment. The son advanced with the deference peculiar to the times, and having pressed his father's hand, turned to a lady who had also risen to receive him, and addressed her by the name of mother. Her warm embrace and tearful eye, revealed the overflowing tenderness of her heart.

"Sit down, my son," said the father, with courtly politeness. "I am thankful that a kind Providence permits us to see you in health. How are our friends at Cambridge?"

"They are all well. Dr. Sibbs commends his regards to my father."

"I am grateful for his remembrance. The excellent doctor is still instant, in season, and out of season, in his Master's work?"

"He is diligent as usual in his calling."

There was that in the manner of young Winthrop, which indicated less reverence for the famous puritan master of Catharine Hall than was grateful to his worthy parent.

"He is a godly and learned man," said the father, gravely, "and a most fitting model for the young."

"He is, indeed, a good, and an able man, and I trust I have profited by his instructions; still," (the young man spoke with hesitancy,) "there are those who think he yields too readily to the encroachments of power."

"He is a wise man, and it becomes not the young to sit in judgment upon their elders."

There was an implied reproof in those words of the mild and affectionate father, which fell heavily upon the heart of the son. He could scarce remember the time, even in boyhood, when that father's censure rested upon him. The peculiarly affectionate, dignified, and devout bearing of the father, and the warm hearted gentleness of the mother, had controlled the impulsive nature of the son, and caused his early life to be singularly free from blame. The sanctifying influence of the gospel was added to that of parental counsels and example, and thus Henry Winthrop grew up to manhood beloved and honored by all who knew him.

"I would not presume to sit in judgment on

my elders," said Henry, anxious to excuse himself to his revered parent, "I trust I have not so far forgotten the instructions of my father; but may I not be allowed to ask, are the encroachments of power never to be resisted?"

"We are commanded to fear God, and to honor the king. We may not set ourselves against an ordinance of God."

"Prelacy is not an ordinance of God."

"True, my son, it is without warrant of Scripture, yet it is supported by the civil power, and that we may not resist. Christ taught the duty of subjection, even to the heathen emperor of Rome."

"Suppose the mandates of the Man of Sin are enjoined by the civil power—must we submit?"

"Nay, my son, that were idolatry, which is treason against God."

Henry was unwilling to push his inquiries further, now that he had compelled his father to abandon the principle of passive obedience, which his loyalty had not allowed him to question. A stranger calling at that moment, relieved the embarrassment which might otherwise have been felt both by the father and the son. Mr. Winthrop and the stranger retired to the library, and Henry was left alone with his mother.

Mrs. Winthrop had manifested some uneasiness during the conversation which had taken place. To her it savored of filial irreverence on the part of Henry. While she was fashioning in her thoughts a mild reproof, he, in the affectionate freedom which he was wont to use with her, introduced another, and widely different topic.

"Who was the young lady I met tripping down the lawn, as I drove up? She must have left you a few moments before I came."

"It was Lucy Fones, the daughter of our new rector."

"If her father preaches as well as his daughter walks, you have made a good exchange. Is she beautiful? She held down her head when I passed her, so that I could not see her features."

Mrs. Winthrop gave him a look of surprise, which led him to say, "My dear mother does not suppose that I could be rude to any lady, especially on my father's grounds?"

"I should hope not, certainly, but we are told



that great changes come over young men at the University. The young lady you speak of is comely in her features and pleasant in her ways. Your father regards her as a chosen vessel."

"He will of course approve my purpose to cultivate her acquaintance."

"He will, no doubt, desire to have you visit the rector and his family. You will find the family a pleasant one, still there are several reasons why your visits there should not be very frequent."

"I trust you do not number among them, the danger that the young lady in question may become your daughter-in-law—though I would take her at a venture in preference to the lady so kindly provided for me by the admirer of my father's acres."

"Have you formed many acquaintances at the University?" said Mrs. Winthrop, wishing to change the topic of conversation. There was an air of levity in his remarks which she did not quite approve—or, to speak more accurately, which she thought her husband would not approve.

"I have cultivated the acquaintance of all whom my father recommended."

"You have found their society profitable?"

"It could not be otherwise; still, it does not furnish all the sympathy required by one of my age."

"Your father expected you to associate with the members of your own college; you have some intimate friends among them?"

"I have an intimate friend, a member of Christ College, whom I love and honor above all men living, save my father."

"More than the master of your college?"

"Yes; for though he is scarcely twenty years of age, he is familiar with all the learning of antiquity, and pours forth from his own genius, thoughts as weighty and brilliant as the masters of any age."

"You are not wont to speak so extravagantly. He must have cast a spell upon you."

"If I mistake not, he will cast a spell over all coming generations, pouring into their ear songs to which angels might listen, and animating them to noble deeds in the cause of God and freedom."

"This wonderful friend, then, is a christian?"

"He is the most devout of men. His religion is shown in a life as pure, perhaps, as it is given to fallen man to lead, and in secret communion with the Father of Spirits. He frequenteth not so much as some the public and private meeting; for he dwells apart, amid his own high and pure thoughts, and like John the Baptist in the wilderness, is preparing himself for some mighty work for the glory of God!"

"How is it that you see him, if he is thus given to solitude?"

"An accident threw us together, and he has since been pleased to invite me often to his chambers. Such high discourse as I have there

listened to, I have never heard from mortal lips. I never see him without having my love of truth and beauty increased, and my purpose to serve my generation strengthened."

"Since his influence over you must needs be so powerful, I am thankful that it is a sanctified influence. What is the personal appearance of your friend?"

"His form is as faultless as his mind: the casket is worthy of the jewel it contains. There is an expression of heavenly beauty upon his countenance, and his eye hath a lustre which surpasses all description."

"Has he a pleasant voice?"

"It is like the æolian harp, when he speaks of the beautiful in the outward creation and in the human soul—and like the deep tones of the organ when he speaks of the wrongs of God's church, and the terrible days of vengeance which he thinks are drawing nigh."

"From him then, you have derived the sentiments which your father disapproves. Let no one, my son, usurp the authority due to your father. What is your friend's name?"

"John Milton."

"It is not a noble name."

"Heaven has given him a nobility which the favor of princes cannot bestow."

The hour of evening prayer had now arrived. Mr. Winthrop was still detained with his visiter. It devolved upon Henry to conduct the evening services. The domestics were called in; a chapter was listened to with a reverence befitting a puritan household, and a prayer was offered which lacked nothing in simplicity and godly sincerity, in consequence of the sprightliness which had characterized a portion of the evening's intercourse.

## CHAPTER II.

THE next morning was the Sabbath. The quiet which pervaded the mansion, the early songs of praise from different apartments, the reading of the Scriptures to the assembled household, the fervent prayers so diverse from acts of superstitious homage, the cheerful countenances and pleasant voices, betokened nought of the austerity and gloom with which some would fain clothe the dwellings of the early puritans. In the family of Winthrop, piety and politeness were not dissevered. A religion of love was the minister of joy.

At the proper hour the family walked to the village church, which was, perhaps, a mile distant. The law of the Sabbath was understood as securing rest to the beast of burden, except in cases of necessity and mercy. The carriage of Winthrop was never driven to the house of God, except in weather which rendered it impossible for the ladies to reach it otherwise.

As young Winthrop entered the church he cast

a single glance at the Rector's pew. His eyes met those of Lucy. Both turned quickly away, as conscious of a feeling of curiosity which could claim no indulgence on that holy day.

A most reverent attention was given to the preacher, who held firmly to the truth, but paid a regard to surplice, book and form, which to Henry, savored of unrighteousness. His father gave less heed to those lesser matters, and confined his attention to the truths which came warm from the heart of the speaker. By thus avoiding all points of controversy, and keeping his mind calm and intent upon God's holy truth, his soul was strengthened for the toils and trials he was destined to endure in laying the foundations of the church in a far distant land.

On their way homeward, the conversation of the father and his son related solely to the living truths which had been made the theme of eloquent discourse. Winthrop's heart glowed with gratitude that his son understood the language of Zion, and that the only effect of his exposure to the world had been to nourish a profounder estimate of the glorious gospel, and a deeper sensibility to its precious truths.

On Monday morning, after receiving the congratulations of the domestics, with whom he was a peculiar favorite, and who had refrained from expressing their affection upon the Lord's day, Henry set out with the intention of calling at the Rectory. After proceeding some distance, a doubt arose as to the propriety of calling at so early an hour. He retraced his steps for a short distance, when the sight of a lane reminded him of his nurse Darbley, who occupied a cottage at its extremity. Having served in the family for half a century, she was placed by John Winthrop in a comfortable cottage, with a grandson, who, however, soon left her, and was lost at sea. Henry had ever been her favorite. In his very infancy, she had instilled divine truth into his willing mind, and had daily, from that time forwards, invoked the choicest blessings upon his head. His first visit was due to her. He reproached himself for permitting the fair face at the rectory to cause him to forget, even for a moment, the claims of his humble friend.

As he drew near the cottage, he heard, through the half open window, the tones of a voice, which fell as sweetly on his ear as those of his own dear mother. Contrary to his usual custom, he knocked at the door. It was opened by the young lady who had occupied so large a portion of his morning thoughts. Her embarrassment was not lessened by the fact that he stood, for a time, without speech or gesture, save an involuntary raising of his beaver.

"Do you wish to see Mrs. Darbley?" said the lady.

"I do," were all the words he had at command. He entered the cottage.

"My dear child," said his aged friend, half

rising from her sick bed in the eagerness of her joy, "it is given to these eyes to see you once more." As he drew near, she threw her withered arms around his neck, and pressed her lips to his cheek.

"Do not be surprised, my lady," said she to Lucy, "he is the son of my honored master, and is as dear to me as was my own poor boy, who is now at the bottom of the sea."

Lucy smiled in acknowledgment of the introduction, and in sympathy with the widow's joy, and busied herself in domestic matters. Her movements were not unobserved by Winthrop, though he paid the most respectful attention, and returned most affectionate answers to the questions of his nurse. The young lady attempted to remove an article which required an exertion of strength greater than she possessed. He was quickly by her side, and, by his aid, the article was placed in the desired position. Whether the hue worn by her countenance was caused by an undue exertion of physical strength, or by the proximity of the Cambridge student, cannot perhaps, be determined. Very soon his assistance was again rendered, and continued for a longer space of time. The cottage certainly presented a spectacle somewhat singular. The beautiful daughter of the younger member of a noble house, and the wealthy student of a renowned university, were performing domestic offices for one who had passed her life at service, till established in the cottage, a reward of her fidelity.

"Only to think," exclaimed she, "that such a poor creature as I am, should have the flower of the land to attend upon me! It is wonderful, as are all the Lord's dealings with me. I can do nothing to reward you; but there is one who will say in the great day, 'inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

"My mother is not very well," said Lucy, "and as you now have company, I will go home and come over again this evening." With graceful courtesy she bade Winthrop good morning, and sped her way across the fields, thereby shortening materially the distance to the rectory.

"She is," said the invalid, "the next after your mother, the loveliest creature I ever saw."

"She is a very beautiful girl," said Winthrop.

"Beauty is fading, but she has that which will never fade. She has been with me daily since I have been sick, and waited upon me as if I were her mother."

"My mother does not know of your illness."

"The young lady would not let me send her word: she would not have her troubled with me: she would attend to me herself. Henry Winthrop, mark my words, whoever gets Lucy Fones for a wife, gets a treasure of which England holds not the equal."

Winthrop smiled at the enthusiasm of his

friend, and asked, "Have you recommended me as warmly to her good opinion?"

"The son of John Winthrop will never be likely to want a good word from me, when it can be spoken. But I wish you to sit down, and read to me from the Bible."

He took her well-worn Bible, and spent an hour in reading and commenting upon its truths. He then knelt by the bedside, and offered a prayer which carried the oil of joy and consolation to her heart, and caused her cheeks to be wet with tears of gratitude and love. He then went home, and passed the day with his mother. He informed her of his visit to the cottage, but with a departure from his usual frankness, he made no mention of the Rector's daughter.

As the sun approached the western horizon, Winthrop felt a strong desire to take the evening air. He sallied forth with the manner of one who had no fixed purpose, and was altogether in doubt in what direction to lay his course. Still, it happened that he moved towards the cottage, making very trifling deviations from a right line. He had just reached the door, when he saw Lucy approaching. She paused when she saw him, as if meditating a retreat; but soon advanced, and with some embarrassment, permitted him to assist her in crossing the stile. They entered the cottage in company.

"Have you come again, my dear children?" said the invalid.

"How have you passed the day?" said Lucy.

"Pleasantly, my dear; all my days pass pleasantly. He maketh my bed in sickness, and doeth all things well."

Lucy again employed herself in domestic offices. Having prepared food and medicines for her patient, and put the cottage in order, she was about to take her leave. "Susan will be here to pass the night with you. In the mean time, your friend will keep you company."

"I had hoped," said Winthrop rising, "to be permitted to attend you home. I have not yet paid my respects to your father."

"It will soon be dark, and she will not like to be left alone."

"Your servant is now coming," said he, looking from the window. With embarrassment, if not with reluctance, she awaited Susan's arrival, and then accepted his proffered attendance.

The walk through the fields was a very pleasant one, but it failed to suggest topics for continued conversation. The intervals of silence which occurred, notwithstanding Winthrop's efforts to prevent them, certainly did not indicate any great congeniality of soul. The path led them by a small sheet of water, which was bordered by a grove. The full moon cast the shadows of the trees upon the surface of the waters. A passing breeze gave motion to those silvery shadows. There was an involuntary pause. Both gazed with admiration upon the beauty before them.

"I stood, not long since, with a friend," said Winthrop, "and surveyed a similar scene: he transferred to paper the emotions awakened, as accurately as the painter transfers the features to the canvass."

"In a poem?" said Lucy.

"Yes."

"Have you a copy of it?"

"In my memory."

"Please repeat it."

He did so with a voice and manner perfectly suited to the emotions it contained.

"It is most beautiful," said Lucy; "It reminds me strongly of the poetry of a young man I once saw in London."

"Was his name Milton?"

"It was. Do you know him?"

The key note of conversation had been struck. There was no longer any feeling of restraint. Winthrop gave full play to his enthusiasm, and Lucy replied as freely to his remarks as if she had known him for years. They lessened their pace, and even retraced their footsteps, in order to prolong their walk. The evening had well nigh passed when they reached the rectory.

A brief hour spent in conversing respecting the university, and the interests of religion there, left a most favorable impression upon the rector's mind. Winthrop retired, resolving to accept the invitation to repeat his visit at an early day.

### CHAPTER III.

THE elder Winthrop was called to London with the prospect of being detained there during the whole of the brief period allotted for Henry's absence from his college. This would, perhaps, have been a source of less regret to his affectionate son, had not an incident occurred which deranged his plans with reference to the rectory. This was the visit of Lord Evansworth. He was cousin to Lucy, and avowedly a suitor for her hand. His haughty bearing towards the plebeian student, and Lucy's chilling reserve when he was present, soon caused Winthrop to discontinue his visits. He met Lucy once or twice at the cottage, but there was a constraint in her manner which led him to believe that she did not desire any further intimacy.

"They say," said Mrs. Darbley, who had now partially recovered her health, "that Lord Evansworth is to marry the young lady at the rectory." Winthrop's features would not conform to the dictates of his will. It was in vain that he attempted to assume an aspect of indifference. He made no reply to the remark. She continued: "I was in hopes it might be otherwise; but it is well that we have not the ordering of our lot. All things shall work together for good to those who love God."



"Has she told you that she is to marry Evansworth?" said Winthrop.

"I once mentioned the report; she blushed so deeply that I was convinced it was true, and said no more. When do you return to Cambridge?"

"To-morrow—I have come to bid you good bye."

She bade him an affectionate farewell, and when he had gone, commended him long and fervently to the protection of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps.

Concealing his feelings from his mother, that she might indulge in no useless regrets on his account, he bade her adieu and returned to Cambridge. He soon repaired to the chambers of his friend at Christ's College. He found him sitting at his organ, refreshing himself, as he was wont, after the labours of the day, with the concord of sweet sounds. He was welcomed by a smile that lightened the load that lay upon his heart. His replies to inquiries made respecting his absence, revealed his acquaintance with Lucy Fones. The tones of his voice, as he pronounced her name, revealed to the quick ear of his friend the state of his affections.

"I recollect her well," said the young poet, "she is beautiful, but somewhat wedded to the past. And she is to be married to Lord Evansworth?"

"He is at her father's now."

Milton remained silent. He had no wish to pursue that theme.

Winthrop then alluded to the moonlight scene. "The beauty," said Milton, "with which God hath garnished the earth, should have its counterpart in our souls. It was made to subserve a higher purpose than to awaken transient emotions of pleasure."

"It has but little influence on the great mass of men."

"But few receive the gospel, and of these, but few give full illustration of its transforming power; yet who can doubt it was designed to form the image and superscription of Christ in every human soul? In order that beauty may form its image in the soul, it must be studied, its model must be sought in all the forms and appearances of things, not less carefully than did Ceres, according to the fable, seek her daughter Proserpine."

"Methinks you would give the whole of life to poetry. That cannot be the duty of all."

"The life of every one should be a true poem. This one should set forth the grand and solemn epic, another, the sweet hymnings of the affections set in right tune by the hand of God, another the melancholy numbers of sorrow, which must needs be in a world that sin has entered, and where the whole creation groaneth, and is in bondage until now."

"But were not this to neglect the cross-bearing service which Christ requires?"

"Nay, rather it is that service which gives symmetry and dignity to what had otherwise been disordered, and of little worth. The grand and beautiful objects of creation, and the harmonies which fall upon the ear that is attent, will lift the soul above the mists of sense, which causeth most of our wanderings, and give to it those high impulses which fit it to become a laborer together with God."

"All are not fitted for the noble deeds which you would seem to require of all. There are diversities of gifts."

"Even so, but that excuses not those, whom God designs for deeds of high emprise, from fulfilling their course. You have not yet formed your plans?"

"No further than the purpose to devote myself to God's cause."

"Not in the church, for that would require an accommodating conscience which you possess not. The gifts with which you are endowed, are for another work."

"What enterprise do you propose?"

"God hath kept the western world unpeopled, save by the few savages who wait for his law, and hath turned aside the followers of the man of sin. What saith his Providence but that an empire should there be founded, whose laws shall rest upon his holy word, where the church shall be coeval with the state—its safety, but not its slave? God hath kept that land for his saints. There needeth haste to go up and possess it. It is because they linger, that the hand of persecution has been permitted to be stretched out."

Winthrop made no remark, but gazed thoughtfully upon the speaker. "You would ask," resumed Milton, after a moment's silence, "wherefore I go not myself? I have a work assigned me in this land, to which I would fain address myself, as ever under the great Taskmaster's eye. The divinest of arts must be rescued from the hands of the enemies of God, and consecrated anew to his glory. The minds of men, long wedded to error and enslaved by authority, must, by the clear setting forth of reason, and bold argument, be disenthralled; and perhaps, there must be a resistance even unto blood. I would fain go with the lovers of a pure gospel to that land of unique beauty, there amid the quiet of nature to behold the bright countenance of truth, and assist in laying the foundations of an empire consecrated, from the first, to the great Governor of all, and furnishing a divine liberty to those who might follow. Mine is a different work; but, were it the meanest under-service, if God by his secretary Conscience enjoin it, it were sad for me, if I should draw back."

He leaned backwards in his seat, and raised his eyes aloft as if he would meditate; Winthrop, knowing his habits, withdrew, not without receiving the sweetest courtesy at parting.

The words of Milton sunk deep into Winthrop's

heart. In fact, they seemed almost like a revelation from heaven. Day after day, as his studies would permit, he revolved the subject in his mind. He had heard of the Leyden Pilgrims who, a few years before, had planted themselves at Plymouth. He was familiar with the name of Endicott, who, for a year or more, had been at Salem preparing the way. He acquainted himself with the movement, under the auspices of White, of Dorchester, for sending over a large colony of "the best" on the following year. With his soul filled with a desire to take part in the noble enterprise, he returned home, prepared to present the matter to his honored father, though with slight hope of gaining his consent. To his surprise, he found that it had long occupied his father's thoughts. The transfer of the charter, and the establishment of a government, and the emigration of a large number of puritans, rested upon his decision. It was the sooner made in consequence of the visit of the son. The first Governor of Massachusetts began to dispose of his estate, and to make preparations for his removal to the new world. Henry was to remain at the university till the fleet was ready to set sail.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE spring opened, and Winthrop bade farewell to the university. It was not without many tears, that he parted from his friend, who strengthened his heart by setting before him prophetic visions of the glory that was to follow. He returned to the place of his birth for the last time. He found that his beloved mother, whose soul was in the work, but whose health would not permit her then to make the voyage, was to remain, and to join her husband, Providence permitting, the following year. How sore a trial this was to the loving couple, can be understood only by those who can conceive of the intense affection they bore for one another. "It goeth very near to my heart," said the Governor, to his wife, "to leave thee; but I know to whom I have committed thee, even to Him, who loves thee much better than any husband can, who hath taken an account of the hairs of thy head, and puts all thy tears in his bottle, who can, and (if it be for his glory,) will bring us together again with peace and comfort."

The hour of his departure drew near, and the heart of young Winthrop, notwithstanding the bustle of preparation and the pressure of weighty cares, grew more and more heavy. It was not that he was about to leave the scenes of his childhood, for his adventurous spirit delighted in the prospect of a new world, and a community of God's chosen ones. With all his efforts, he could not tear away his affections from one who was to bless the dwelling of another. He had

not seen her since Lord Evansworth's visit. His parents, aware, perhaps, of the state of his feelings, had forbore to make mention of her in his presence.

On the evening preceding the day on which he, together with his father, was to set out for the fleet, which was riding at anchor, waiting their arrival, he could not resist his desire to go and bid Lucy farewell. He knocked at the door of the rectory, and Lucy stood before him, so pale and wan, that he started, and gazed upon her in silent surprise. With a faint smile she invited him to enter.

"You are not well," said he, in a tone of touching interest, which brought the tears to her eyes, and for a moment removed the paleness from her cheeks.

"I have not been very well during the winter," was her reply.

A long and embarrassing silence followed.

"I could not," said he, speaking with great difficulty, "bring myself to leave the land without bidding you farewell. The brief hours of our acquaintance were too pleasant"—his voice failed him. She bowed her head to conceal the fast falling tears. In the silence which followed, the beating of their hearts was well nigh audible. At length she raised her head, and with a strong effort said, "I heard you were going on the morrow; I thought you could not go without seeing us, though for some cause you have long forsaken us." The plaintive tone of her voice again destroyed his self possession. Rallying as soon as possible, he replied, "You cannot be ignorant of the cause." Her answer was a look of inquiry. "Your betrothment to Lord Evansworth."

"You speak of something which has not taken place—and never can," said she.

"Are you not to be the wife of Evansworth?"

"Never."

"Lucy Fones," said he, rising and standing before her, "I have loved you as no one can know, save Him who formed my heart, and from the first moment that I saw you, I have struggled in vain to repress my feelings, from the belief that you were the betrothed of another."

A smile was upon her lips, while with great difficulty she said, "We have both been unhappy without cause; but doubtless it has been for the best."

He needed no other acknowledgment of her reciprocal affection. He seated himself by her side, and if other tears were shed, they were those of intensest joy.

But the morning was coming, and his arrangements were all made for the voyage. Must he relinquish his great work? Not on her account, for she was ready to make with him her home in the wilderness, though she might not leave on so short a warning. The advice of older heads and sympathising hearts was taken.

It happened that a portion of the fleet destined for America lay at Southampton, and was not ex-

pected to sail for several weeks. It was decided that Henry should remain and take passage in that fleet. In the meantime, the marriage was to take place; Lucy was then to take up her abode with her mother-in-law, with her to cross the ocean when the way should be prepared. Her feeble health forbade her going with her husband.

The parting day came, and though a smile was upon her lips as their last glance was exchanged, the load at her heart was such as cannot be described. Winthrop's heart was made strong by the late change in his prospects, and the bright hopes before him, and he went on his way rejoicing. He took passage in the same ship that had borne Carver and his fellow pilgrims across the waves—the *May Flower*, of ever during fame. During the long voyage he labored to prepare his associates for the work before them. He won their entire confidence and love, and was regarded by them as one whom Providence had raised up to do great things for them in the wilderness.

The long wished for land hove in sight. On the first of July, 1630, the ship dropped her anchor in the harbor of Salem. The pious Endicott welcomed him on shore. The richest bloom of summer clothed the wild luxuriance of the landscape, and brought to mind the prophecy speedily to be fulfilled, "the wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Winthrop rejoiced to hear of his father's safe arrival, and set out on foot to join him at the sweet springs of Shawmut, on the day after he set foot on shore. In crossing a small creek at the very outset of his journey, he lost his foothold, and fell into the water and was drowned. He had crossed the wide ocean to perish in a narrow stream!

The sad news was communicated on the following day, to Governor Winthrop, as he stood in the door of the cabin, for which he had exchanged his mansion in Suffolk. He listened in silence, and when the sad tale was ended, lifted up his hands, and exclaimed, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." He then went in, and closed the door of his hut.

The congregation assembled, and poured out their tears of sympathy and supplication before the Lord.

After a single day spent in retirement, Winthrop went out and in before his people, and no change was perceptible, save that his smile was fainter, and the tones of his voice a little more plaintive when pleading in prayer. In a letter written to his absent partner, he says, "We have met with many sad and discomfortable things, as thou shalt hear; and the Lord's hand hath been very heavy upon myself, in some very near to me. My son Henry! my son Henry! ah, poor child! yet it grieves me much more for my dear daughter. The Lord comfort and strengthen her heart to bear this cross patiently. I know thou wilt not be wanting to her in this distress. Yet for all these things, (I praise my God,) I am not discouraged; nor do I see cause to repent or despair of those good days here, which will make amends for all. I do not repent my coming, and if I were to come again, I would not have altered my course, though I had foreseen all these afflictions."

Lucy escaped the distress anticipated by her loving father. Before the returning ship reached England, she had gone to join her husband in the spirit-land.

## CARRAVAGIO.

BY MRS. MARY S. WHITAKER.

WHY, stern misfortune, dost thou shed  
Thy chilling blight on early fame,  
When genius bows the drooping head,  
Yet can no kind compassion claim?

Beneath Italia's sunny skies  
Neglected merit sadly fell,  
When Carravagio closed his eyes,  
And bade the ungrateful world farewell.

The meanest peasant to his home  
At evening's hour might blest repair;  
But see the houseless wanderer roam—  
Ah! what had he to bless or cheer?

A galling sense of cruel wrong,  
A deep disgust at human pride,  
Which left him thus because his tongue  
Had no base arts of flattery tried.

Wearied, resentful, wild despair  
Seized on the artist's mighty soul;  
No pitying friend stood mournful near,  
As death's cold tremors o'er him stole.

But by the wayside, faint and worn,  
Heaving a deep and bitter sigh,  
Feeling that none were left to mourn,  
He laid him down forlorn to die.

The master-mind, skilled to portray  
Strong passion with consummate art,  
Crush'd and o'ermastered there he lay—  
Hope, man's last friend, forsook his heart.

How shall the muse the tale disclose?  
'T will claim compassion's melting tear—  
Sad sequel to a life of woes,  
Gaunt famine stretched him on his bier!



## ODE TO THE SEA.

BY W. H. WELSH.

### I.

I HEAR thy deep and glorious roar, O Sea!  
And o'er my ravished ear its music rolls,  
For there is strangest minstrelsy to me  
Within thy depths, unknown to coarser souls  
Who hear nought but the sensual tones of Earth.  
My spirit tuned to thy harmonious song,  
Is phrensied with the melody and breath  
Of thy wild lay, whose birth  
Was in the dim and misty Eld, where throng  
The spirit forms of ages rocked in death!

### II.

Upon thy restless waste I gaze afar—  
For I do love to make thy breast my home,  
To wander where thy sleepless billows are,  
And where thy blue and watery mountains roam.  
And I have joyed to hear the night-winds sigh,  
That gathered howling round thy chainless form,  
For they have whispered to me songs unheard  
Before by Earth or Sky,  
While o'er the Ocean broke the wrecking storm  
And onward swept with fear the wild sea-bird.

### III.

Perhaps the very wave that on the shore  
Is breaking now, in other times was curled,  
When on its breast the storm-rocked vessel bore  
The Genoese who sought a Western world.  
Perhaps its silvery spray his footsteps laved,

As on the virgin sands he proudly trod,  
And high amid those boundless shades all wild  
His glittering banner waved,  
And girt with majesty he seemed a God—  
A Titan-God unto the forest child.

### IV.

Or e'en that snowy crest rose up, perchance,  
Amid the breeze when from the shores of Spain,  
The huge Armada bore the warrior's lance,  
To Northern seas across the angry main;  
And as the Sea-king from his coral cave  
Saw its grim form so gayly sailing on,  
And caught it down into his cavern drear,  
While wave hugged brother wave,  
The very one that swelled when all had gone,  
Perchance is that which now is dashing here.

### V.

Then break thou proud and melancholy wave,  
And beat thy bosom on the rock-bound shore,  
Thy empire rose when God its fashion gave  
To slumbering Earth as Chaos brooded o'er.  
With never ceasing toil thou rollest on,  
And springest up all crowned with life-like foam,  
Like some bright airy thing from fairy land,  
Or like some startled fawn  
Pursued by raging hounds from glen and home,  
And scornful of its hot-pursuing band.

## EXPERIENCE.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I LOOK within my heart, and sadly smile  
To think how changed are all its early dreams,  
While memory's misty shadows fall aside,  
And o'er my soul the past in softness beams;  
I think of life in all its former glory,  
Its wild romance, its hopes, its morning beauty,  
And sigh to feel that all this earth can offer—  
Is but contentment won from quiet duty.

Yet tho' I mourn the loss of hopes departed,  
And visions worth a world of after pain,  
I would not give my sad and stern experience  
To live in blissful reveries again;  
For many lessons fraught with useful teaching,  
From disappointment I have learnt to borrow—  
And in each soul are seeds of heavenly wisdom,  
That only ripen amid tears of sorrow.

For fondly once o'er woes of fancy's framing  
I poured the sadness of an untried heart,  
And placed all cherished visions of perfection  
Like some enshrined divinity apart;

Now I can feel for every human brother,  
However poor, oppressed, despised, or weak,  
And when my breast o'erflows with yearning pity,  
A fellow-sufferer mid my kind I seek.

No more the poet's fame, the hero's glory  
Win every thought and sympathy from me,  
For in each varied mind, and differing station,  
The harmony of Nature I can see;  
All who are good and kind, or pure and holy,  
However low or humble in their birth,  
If they but do their Father's will sincerely,  
Are now to me the honored ones of earth.

Then welcome be the pressure of affliction,  
If it fulfil its perfect work at last.  
Tho' disenchantment's heavy clouds surround us,  
And every radiant dream of youth o'ercast,  
Yet if it levels us with all God's creatures—  
If mental pride its warning voice reprove,  
Who would not change the cold, the bright ideal,  
For human charity, and human love?

## THE PRICE OF BLOOD.

### A TALE OF CRIME AND RETRIBUTION.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN TRAITOR;" "MARMADUKE WYVIL;" "CROMWELL;" "THE BROTHERS;" &c., &c.

(Continued from page 331.)

#### PART III.

And the headman with his bare arm ready,  
That the blow may be both swift and steady,  
Feels if the axe be sharp and true  
Since he set its edge anew.—*Parasina.*

SWIFTLY, indeed, those brief days fled away; and not a thought of trouble or regret came over the strong mind of Sir Reginald Vernon.

His part was taken, his line had been laid down from the beginning, and acting as he did on what he was convinced to be the road of duty, he was not the man to shrink at the moment of execution.

He was, moreover, so thoroughly satisfied that the cause of the Stuarts would prevail, and "the king enjoy his own again," that he was untouched by those anxious and sad forebodings which often almost shake the firmness of the bravest breasts, when setting forth upon some desperate or dubious enterprise.

He had, it is true, taken precautions in case of the failure of his party, for the preservation of his estates to his children, but this done, except some natural doubts regarding the chances of his own life, on which he looked, as brave men ever will look, sanguinely, he was prepared to set forth on a campaign against the established government, with as little dread concerning his return home, as if he were about to ride out only on a hunting match.

Between himself and Agnes, there had never existed any very rapturous or romantic relations, and these had long, in so far as they ever had existed, subsided into the mere common-places of every day decorous married life. The wily girl had, moreover, affected so much enthusiasm for the cause of church and king, the better to confirm him in the prosecution of his mad schemes, that it cost her little to veil her delight at his departure, under the disguise of zealous eagerness for the restoration of the right line.

And never, perhaps, had the unhappy and doomed man so much admired the beautiful being to whom he was so fatally linked as when he saw

her, on the eve of his departure, with the white rose in her beautiful fair hair, the chosen emblem of their party, infusing hope and courage into the meanest of the tenantry, and adding fresh spirit to the ardor and enthusiasm of the Catholic gentry by her brilliancy, her beauty, and her indomitable spirits.

Perhaps, indeed, it was fortunate for the guilty woman, that from the instant of her husband's return home to that of his departure, the hall was one constant scene of tumult and excitement, for had it been otherwise it would have been difficult indeed, for her to have maintained the disguise she had adopted, or to have blinded her husband, unsuspecting as he was to the real motives of her joy.

But he was accompanied when he came by a large party of the Jacobite gentry, and others kept flocking in continually to the rendezvous, as it was now resolved that the mask should be thrown aside altogether, since it was known that the prince had beaten the first force of regulars sent against him, had captured Perth, and been proclaimed Regent of England, Ireland, and Scotland.

Honeywood's dragoons, the only troops in that part of the country capable of opposing them on their first rising, had, it was well known, got their route, and marched to reinforce Cope, who was moving northward to defend Edinburgh, unless Charles Edward should intercept him; and this fact, added to the prestige of a first success already gained by the rebels, decided them on rising instantly, and raising the standard of rebellion, while the absence of all regular troops, and the disaffection of the northern militia, should the Lord Lieutenant attempt to call them out, set aside all apprehension of their being interrupted, until such time as their raw levies should be disciplined.

On the appointed morning, therefore, among the flourish of trumpets, the discharges of a few light field pieces, and reiterated shouts of "God save King James," the white standard was hoisted, and civil war proclaimed—God grant it may be for the last time—in England. Above a thousand

men were collected under arms, of whom nearly half were horse, admirably mounted, thoroughly equipped, and familiar with the management of their horses, though rather as grooms and huntsmen, than as dragoons or troopers. Still they formed as good a material as could be desired for the composition of a light cavalry corps, they were officered by gentlemen, many of whom had served, and all of whom were skilful in the use of their weapons. They were full of spirit, and confident in their prowess, and the valor of their leaders.

Many ladies were present, most of whom, like the fair hostess, had donned the white Rose for Stuart, and wore white cockades at their bosoms; nor though the ladies Lucy and Maud Gisborough were of a whig family, and more than that, were personally attached to the reigning dynasty, did they disdain to look upon the muster, although they had not assumed the emblems of the party, much less to talk soft nonsense and make sweet eyes at the younger and handsomer of the tory leaders.

Thus matters stood at Vernon in the Vale, on the morning of the celebrated rising of the '45; and although Agnes was apprised already that her hopes of betraying and cutting off the whole party, together with her hated husband, had been thwarted by the unavoidable call of the dragoons to the north, she was yet in unusual spirits, for she had no belief in the possibility of success to the rebels' cause; no fear that Sir Reginald would escape either the soldier's sword, or the headsmen's axe; and little cared she by which he should fall, so his death should restore her to liberty.

And hence, never did she look lovelier, or move more gracefully, or speak more charmingly, than when she bade adieu to her gallant lord, and saw him with his brave misguided followers, set foot in stirrup and ride proudly northward, with banners to the wind, and music on the summer air.

As Agnes stood on the terrace, with her blue eyes sparkling with a strange unnatural light, her cheeks flushed crimson, her glowing lips apart, her whole frame seemingly expanded and alive with generous enthusiasm, waving her embroidered kerchief to the parting cavaliers, Maud Gisborough gazed upon her with a feeling she had never felt before.

It was in part admiration, for she could not but see and confess her surpassing loveliness; in part, it might be, envy, for she knew her own superior in womanly attractions—but it was something more than this, it was something between wonder and fear. For she saw now, that there was something deeper and stronger in the character of her friend, than she had ever heretofore suspected; and she saw also that it was not all right with her.

Maud Gisborough was a light, vain, giddy girl; but the world and its flatteries or its follies had not

corrupted a naturally good heart, so far that she could not distinguish good from evil.

She had long ago perceived, with the quickness of a woman in all matters relative to the affections, that Agnes Vernon did not love her husband with that sort of love, which she would have looked to give and to inspire in a married life. Perhaps, she half suspected that she *did* love her brother, Bentinck Gisborough; but she did not imagine, that there was anything guilty or dishonorable in that love; that it had ever gone beyond feelings, and those innocent and platonic, much less found vent in words and deeds of shame.

But now a light shone upon her understanding, and she began to see much which she had not thought of before. And it was under the impression of such an impulse or instinct, call it as you will, that she turned to her suddenly, and said in a low voice, half blushing as she spoke—

"You are a strange person, Agnes Vernon. One would think to see you now, so joyous and excited, that you were on the point of gaining a lover, rather than running great risk of losing a husband."

There are moments when the heart is attacked so suddenly, when overloaded with strong passion, that the floodgates of reserve, nay, of common prudence, are thrown open on the instant; and the cherished secrets of the soul, guarded with utmost care and anxiety for years, are surrendered at the first call, nay, even without a call, and a life's labor cast to the winds by the indiscretion of a minute.

Great criminals, who have laid their plans with the extremest ingenuity, who have defied the strictest cross examinations, baffled the wildest lawyers, till suspicion herself has been at fault, and their guilt disbelieved through a long course of years, have, at some chance word of an infant, or at the gossiping of an old woman, betrayed the secret causelessly, and sent themselves by their own act and impulse to the scaffold, thus giving rise to the old adage, *quos deus vult perdere, prius dementat*.

But such is far from being the result or consequence of madness; shewing much more the intense operation of the mind, than the lack of it. Be this, however, as it may, such a moment was this with Agnes Vernon; and to the half casual, half intended words of her lover's sister, she replied on the instant—

"It may be that you are right, girl. The gaining of a lover and the losing of a husband, are not always events so far removed as you may have imagined."

"Good faith, Agnes," replied the other; "I never have imagined anything about it. It seems to me it were my first essay to *get* a husband, not to think how to lose one. But you are jesting with me, Agnes, for presuming to talk to a staid, married lady like yourself about husbands."

For a few minutes, Agnes Vernon was silent,



more than half aware that she had partially betrayed herself; but, whether the impulse was too strong for her, or whether she was led on by the confidence that it was Bentinck's sister to whom she spoke, after a pause she answered—

"Take heed, dear girl, take heed, I beseech you, ere you *do* get one; for this world has many miseries, but none so dreadful, I believe, as to be linked to a husband whom you hate!"

"Whom you hate, Agnes! God forbid such a thing were possible! You do not mean to say that it is so with you!"

"Not so!—not so with me! with whom then should it be so? Heaven alone knows, how I loathe, how I detest that man—"

"But wherefore, Agnes? what has he done to you, that you should so detest him?"

"What rather has he *not* done to me? Did he not come and claim me, when I was a girl—a mere girl—a happy girl, in London—and tear me away from all whom I loved, all who loved me, and drag me down to these doleful woods here in the north; and chill me with his stately, stern, cold-blooded, heartless dignity, till he has turned all my young, warm, healthful blood, into mere stagnant puddle; till I have been for years as hopeless as himself, if not as heartless. But heaven be praised for it, Maud, there is a good time coming."

She stopped abruptly, whether she felt that she had gone too far already, or that the fiery spur which had goaded her to such strange revelation, had grown cold; and the quick light faded from her eye, and the flush paled from her cheek, and she let her head droop upon her bosom and clasped her hands together, and wrung them for a moment vehemently.

But Maud Gisborough gazed on her with a cold fixed eye, and answered nothing; that conversation had made the gay girl older by half a lifetime, and more thoughtful than she would, in any probability, ever have been otherwise.

"I do not understand you, Agnes," she said, at length, still gazing upon her with that cold, grave, unsympathizing eye. "I am not sure that I wish—that I ought—to understand you. I am going to my sister."

"God help me," cried the miserable woman; "I do not know that I understand myself."

But Bentinck's sister paused not, nor looked back, but crossed the terrace, passed through the great hall, ascended the staircase, and rushing into her sister's chamber, where she sat in her loose brocaded dressing gown, reading a light French novel, while her French *fille-de-chambre* was brushing the *marechal* powder out of her fine hair, threw herself into a seat, perfectly stunned and bewildered.

"What ails you, Maud?" cried the elder sister, a sharper and far more worldly girl—"what ails you? have you seen a ghost, that you look so

pale and terrified? give her a glass of the camphor julep, Angelique."

"No! no," replied the younger girl, waving aside the proffered stimulant. "No, no; leave us a while, good Angelique, I must speak with my sister, alone."

"*Mais, mon dieu!*" said the cunning French waiting woman, with a shrug, and a leer, "*apparentement*, miladi Maud has found out she has got one leetle heart of her own, for somebody or oder."

"Is it so, siss?" said Lucy, laughing at the girl's flippant impudence, "and have you found a heart, or lost one? But, no, no," she continued, alarmed at the increasing paleness of Maud's pretty features, "it is something more than this. Leave us Angelique, and do not return until I ring the bell. Now, Maud, what is it, little foolish sister?"

"Lucy," replied the other, faltering a little in her speech, for she scarce knew how what she was about to say would be received—"this is no place for us any longer; nor is Agnes any companion for us."

"What do you mean, Maud? Have you gone mad all on a sudden?"

"You cannot conceive how frightfully she has been talking, since the gentlemen rode away to join the prince. She told me in so many words, that she loathed and detested Sir Reginald; and almost said that she hoped ere long to lose him, and to get a new lover; and if I do not very greatly err, she means our brother Bentinck. I do believe she loves Bentinck, Lucy."

"Ha! ha! ha! Do you, indeed, believe so, innocent little siss?" cried the elder, laughing boisterously. "Ha! ha! ha! you make me laugh, upon my word and honor. Why, I have known they loved each other since the first week we were here. I have seen him kiss her and clasp her in his arms, a dozen times, when they did not dream that I was near; and she meets him every evening in the woods somewhere. I am sure she was with him that night, too, on which she made such an outcry against some person, who, she said, had robbed her. No such thing! Some one might have detected them together, and threatened to expose her; and so she wished to have him put out of the way, whoever it was, to preserve her secret. Bless you, I saw it with half an eye—I have known it all along. You are certainly either very innocent, siss, or a very great hypocrite—one of the two."

"Very innocent, I hope, Lucy," replied the girl, blushing deeply. "I have heard of such things in the great world, but never thought to see them. What a wretch she must be! and how wicked of Bentinck, too, and she a married woman! We must leave her, Lucy—we must leave this place to-morrow."

"I think so, Maud, dear;" answered the other, still laughing and bantering, "and, indeed, it was determined a week since, that we should do so.

It is Bentinck's desire; and he wrote to Hexham, about it before leaving for his regiment—but not, Maud, darling, because our hostess is a little *fié ! fié !* but because it will not do for such loyal folk as we to stay in the house of a proclaimed rebel. Now, don't be foolish, Maud, I tell you. You must be very civil to her while we stay here, and keep your little lips close shut about her naughtinesses;—in the first place, because you cannot speak of them without getting Bentinck into trouble; and, in the next, because, if any thing happens to Sir Reginald, she is to have all this fine place and property, and when she gets her right love, her *first* love—you know, Maud, dear, she was to have married Bentinck, till this horrid Vernon came and took her away—she will make a charming sister-in-law !”

“Lucy! Lucy! how can you talk so! But you are not—you cannot be in earnest.”

“Indeed, I am perfectly in earnest, and I had no notion that you were such a little simpleton. Why such things happen every day, and nobody thinks about it, or pays any attention to them, unless they are found out, and a scandal comes of it. We girls, I know, are not supposed to know any thing about such things, but we are not blind, or fools altogether; and you are just as well aware as I am, that a dozen of the fine ladies of the ton, at whose houses we visit, are not one whit better than they should be, without taking our dear Duchess of Kendal, into consideration. So just keep yourself as quiet as you may, and be very sure that as soon as tidings can arrive, we shall hear from our brother, the Earl, ordering us home to Hexham castle. Now, if you take my advice, you'll have a headache this evening, and go to your own chamber, and to-morrow forget all that has passed, and be just as friendly with this pretty Agnes, as if nothing had been said. I will go down and take my coffee with her *tete-a-tete*, if you will let me ring for Angelique.”

“I will do as you bid me, Lucy,” replied the other, rising to leave the room. “But, believe me, I don't like it the least, nor do I think it will add any thing to our fair reputations.”

“To make a scandal about it, would be certainly to destroy them,” answered the wiser and more worldly sister. “For, besides bringing down upon our heads the deadly hatred of all the d'Esterre's, and getting any thing but thanks from our own people, all the world would say, ‘those Gisborough girls know too much by half,’ and set it down to envy or ill nature, or any thing but modesty or virtue. Believe me, Maud, it is better in the world's eye to seem innocent, than to be so.”

At this moment the entrance of Mademoiselle Angelique put an end to the conversation, and not long afterward Maud left her sister's chamber, and went to lie down, and think over the differences between principle and practice, not altogether feigning a headache.

But Agnes Vernon, after her brief wild conversation with her lover's sister, overcome by the excess of her own passions, faint and exhausted, and agonized by the perception that the crisis of her fate was at hand, and that if not speedily liberated from her husband, by some strange catastrophe, detection and disgrace must be her portion, though she had no blush for the sin or the shame, was yet overwhelmed by the thought of the open scandal, and of the world's undisguised scorn.

She could not conceal it from herself, moreover, that she had already escaped very narrowly being convicted and exposed; that her infamy was known to many of her own servants, she had been made painfully aware within the last week, when a waiting woman whom she had reproved somewhat sharply for lightness of demeanor, replied with a flippant toss of her head, that she saw no reason for her part, why poor girls had not as much right to have sweethearts as great ladies; and more too, seeing that they had no husbands; an insult which she was compelled to pass in silence, not daring to provoke the vengeance of the offender.

Nor was this the only risk she had run; for it must not be supposed that the strange tale of the attempted robbery in the park, on the night of her last interview with Bentinck, had escaped the ears of her husband; and when he came to inquire into the particulars, and heard her version of the story, Sir Reginald shook his head gravely as he answered;—

“There is something very strange in all this, Agnes—something which I do not understand. I hope you are not deceiving me in anything, for I know the person very well, whom you have described. It was no man at all, nor in disguise as you imagine, but a veritable woman; and although she is a very singular person, and perhaps not altogether right in her reason, she is certainly incapable of robbery, or I may add of injuring any person connected with myself. She has been for many years one of the trustiest messengers and go-betweens of our party. Her faith was sorely tried and not found wanting during the terrible '15, and from that day to this she has been the repository of secrets, which if divulged, would set half the noblest heads in England rolling. She was born in the village at the park end, and was foster-sister to my grandmother. She married a Scotch drover afterward, and went away with him into the western Highlands, where some adversities befell her—it was a dark tale—by which her brain became unsettled. She believes herself to be endowed with second sight, and the country people regard her as a witch, and dread her accordingly; but she has not been seen in these parts for many years, coming when she has had occasion to bring me tidings from the leaders of our party, under the shadow of the night, and concealing herself in a vault under the hermitage summer-house, as it is called, near the waterfall, in the Wild-boar's glen, which is known only to



herself and me, of people now alive. She had brought me a message on the morning of that day, when I set forth with Bentineck Gisborough, and has again gone northward. I shall see her with the army, and will then learn more of this strange business. But as you love me, Agnes, if she come here in my absence, suffer her not to be harmed or interfered with. The lives of hundreds hang upon her tongue."

No words can express the terror of the miserable wife, as she learned that the witness of her crime was her husband's trusted confidante, that he would see her before many days, and learn unquestionably all that she would most willingly conceal. There was, however, nothing to be done, and she had only to wait anxiously in the hope that death would find her hated husband in the field, or ere the fatal explanation should take place.

The remainder of his stay at Vernon in the Vale, was fraught to Agnes with terror and agony most intense and unutterable. She knew not at what moment the woman might return; she had no one in whom she could repose the slightest trust, now that Bentineck Gisborough was afar off with his regiment, and she well knew that Sir Reginald, cold as he was, and impassive under the ordinary course of events, was as stern and implacable as fate itself, where his honor was concerned, and she foreboded but too surely that the discovery of her guilt would be the signal for punishment as sudden and as sure as heaven's thunder.

It was with double ecstasy, therefore, arising from a twofold cause, that she beheld him mount his horse, and ride away, never, she trusted, to return.

His departure liberated her from an almost oppressive sense of immediate peril; and she believed that he was running headlong on his ruin.

It was under the impulse of her boundless sense of relief and exultation, that she had given vent to her feelings so incautiously as to alarm the vain and worldly mind of Maud Gisborough, and thus by her own act, she had incurred fresh peril.

Scarcely had Maud left the room, before she became aware of her own imprudence, and with a vague wish to be entirely alone, and to review her own position, where she could not be interrupted—perhaps spurred on by one of those incomprehensible impulses which seem to urge men to their fate—she took her mantle and walked away, accompanied by the great deerhound which had rescued her before, toward the scene of her sin and shame.

She soon reached the secluded bower, and entering it cast herself down on the seat, and sat gazing on the waterfall, and on the wooded glen now beginning to exhibit the first tints of autumn, scarcely conscious what she was looking upon, so wildly and unconnectedly did

her mind wander over the past and the present, and strive to unravel the future.

Had she not been in such a mood, she would soon have perceived by the strangeness of the dog's demeanor that there was something amiss, for from the moment he had entered the alcove, he had not ceased to snuff at the crevices of the floor, as if he scented something, with his eyes glaring and his bristles erect along the whole line of his neck and shoulders, uttering at times a low short whine; until at length he went out, and, after circling twice or thrice round the little building, laid himself down at the mouth of the secret trap, and began scratching at it violently with his forepaws, in which occupation he at last became so furiously excited that he burst into a sharp and savage crying.

This sound it was which first aroused Agnes from her stupor, but as she stared about her with bewildered eyes not understanding what had occurred, a strange indistinct murmur from below her feet, a faint groan, and a few half articulate words reached her ears, and rivetted her attention, while they shook her very soul with terror.

The dog heard them too, for he began to bay with increased fury, and it was not till after a second effort that she could compel his silence.

Then followed a second, and a third groan, and then a hollow and unearthly voice came up from the vaults below—

"Help!" it cried, "help! oh! in God's name, whoever you are, help! I am dying—dying in agony of thirst and famine."

The words came forth at intervals, as if forced out by the utmost effort only, with agony indescribable, and were accompanied by deep racking sighs that seemed to announce a human being's last parting struggles to the eternity in view already.

An impulse, stronger than her terrors, almost unnatural, urged her on, though she more than half suspected who was the speaker. She flew to the trap, seized the dog by the collar and tied him with her scarf to an oak sapling which had shot up in the shadow of the old tree.

Then, after a little effort, she found the spring by which the door was opened, lifted it, and gazed unconsciously into the dark cavernous vault, feebly illuminated by the ray of light, half interrupted by her own figure, which fell into it through the doorway. It was a moment or two before she could distinguish objects in the gloom, but as her eyes became accustomed to the obscurity, she made out the figure of the woman she most dreaded lying on the bare floor, emaciated to the last degree, with the dews of death already on her sallow brow. A quantity of dry clotted gore on the pavement and on her dress explained the cause of her inability to move thence, as an empty flask lying near her head, and one of her shoes cut into fragments and



partially eaten told the extremity to which she had been reduced in the last week by famine.

"Heaven be thanked!" she muttered as the feeble light fell upon her glaring eyes. "There is yet time; water, for holy love, fetch me water."

"But will you not betray me, if I save you,"—faltered the wretched Agnes, moved by the sight of so much horror, to the one soft spot which must remain in the heart, even of the most depraved of women. "Will you swear to preserve my secret, if I save you—will you swear it?"

She spoke quick and short and in a voice rendered husky by the intenseness of her excitement.

Then and not till then did the dying woman recognize her,—*"Ah—"* she cried—*"it is she—the adulteress—the harlot! Then I am lost—lost—"* and she sank back on the stony floor, from which she had half raised herself under the influence of renewed hope, and the presence of ready succor.

"No, no, not lost—" cried Agnes eagerly—"not lost, but saved, if you will swear to be silent"—

"Never!" cried the woman, "never, I will die, sooner."

"Then die you must," returned Agnes shuddering between the horror of her own purpose, and her dread of the consequences of her enemy's recovery, "for I cannot save you to be my own destruction."

"Water, for God's sake! but one drop of water."

"Swear; and you shall have water, wine, food, surgical advice, all that wealth can procure, all that the human heart can desire—only swear, swear, I implore you," and she clasped her hands beseechingly, "and let me save you."

"I must die, then," muttered the woman hoarsely, "but not alone—you too, adulteress, you too!" and with a sudden effort of expiring strength, she raised one of her pistols, levelled and discharged it at the head of Agnes. The bullet whistled close beside her, but without harming her; it just grazed, however, the haunch of the greyhound, who chanced to be in the line of the aim, and who was struggling already fiercely against the leash which held him. At the wound he made a yet more violent spring, and loosening the knot of the scarf, dashed forward with a fierce yell, leaped over the prostrate form of Agnes, who had fallen back in terror at the shot, and plunged down headlong upon his old antagonist.

There was an awful and confused struggle—a mixture of fierce snarls and broken gasping groans, and before Agnes could reach the spot, though winged by horror and mercy she rushed almost with the speed of light, into the area of the fatal vault, all was over.

But the fierce dog was still nuzzling and crunching the throat of the throttled carcase, and it was only by a strong and persevering effort

that the terrified lady dragged him from his victim, and led him, licking his bloody chops, and growling angrily, up the low steps from that scene of horror. She dared not look back for a second on the mutilated corpse, but closed and secured the trap with trembling fingers, and fled, pale and haggard, through the green woods homeward. Haggard and pale, and with a sense of indistinct blood-guiltiness upon her soul, though not in the very deed guilty—for when she questioned her own heart, she was forced to confess to herself that she would have left the woman there to die alone and untended, had not the savage hound anticipated her design with unintended mercy—she felt that the very joy she felt at the death of her worst enemy, was the joy of the successful murderess. No wonder that gay Lucy Gisbrough found her *tete-à-tete*, with her handsome hostess insufferably dull, and wondered what had become of all the light, joyous mirth, and hair-brained excitement which were her characteristics, and which, until now, had never failed her.

Both ladies, in a word, were thoroughly dissatisfied, one with the other; and it was a relief to both when the hour for retiring came; nor did it seem other than satisfactory to all parties, when on the morrow morning, even before the early hour at which our unsophisticated forefathers of those days were wont to breakfast, a special courier arrived from Hexham castle, the bearer of a message from the Earl to his fair sisters, that they should return home with all speed, and of a letter to the Lady Vernon, full of regrets and condolence, that Sir Reginald should have taken so rash a step as to join the misguided gentlemen, who had taken up arms for the Chevalier, (the Earl of Hexham was by far too shrewd a courtier to style a prince, who within a few months might be king—even although he espoused the other side, by the odious title of Pretender,) and pointing out the impossibility of his sisters remaining at the house of a gentleman, who howsoever the Earl might privately respect and esteem him, had yet been proclaimed a rebel.

Hereupon, with a multitude of kisses and protestations, the ladies parted, all, to say the truth, excellently well pleased to part; for there never had been any bond of union between them, except in the person of the now absent major of dragoons; and Agnes was left to solitude and the insatiate restlessness of her own over-boiling passions, incessantly craving the presence of the one loved object of her every thoughts.

Her children were little company for her, and it seemed almost as if her undisguised hatred for their father was fast ripening into a confirmed dislike of them also.

Society she had none, for the secluded habits and grave demeanor of her husband had deterred the neighboring families in the first instance from forming intimacy with the stern baronet and his beautiful wife; and latterly, the increasing rumors

—though secretly whispered only—concerning the looseness of the lady's conversation, had operated yet more, as a decided bar against her.

She went forth now but seldom, never beyond the precincts of the park, and passed the most of her time in dark and moody musings, most unlike to the old levities of her former life.

Only at one time did she arouse herself from this gloom, which was fast growing habitual to her, and that was when tidings arrived from the army of Charles Edward's progress southward, relating the deeds, the victories of his followers, the wounds, the death, the glory of those who fell in the arms of triumph.

Then something of their old fire would kindle her blue eyes, of their ancient brilliancy flush crimson to her pallid cheeks. A quick, nervous restlessness would agitate her whole frame, and mark her whole demeanor.

But all this would subside again into the original cold and death-like quietude, when the despatches were once perused, and she had learned that her own fate was unaltered—for what to her mattered the fate of empires.

At first, and for many a day, the tidings were all prosperous to the prince's faction—first, he had taken Edinburgh, on the 19th of September, and then a few days later he had defeated Cope at Preston Pans, where Honeywood's dragoons had distinguished themselves by falling into a sudden panic at the sight of the Highlanders, and running away in spite of all their officers could do, as fast as their horses could carry them, full thirteen miles from the field of battle.

Sir Reginald, who had joined the prince, after defeating a detachment of horse sent to intercept himself, had distinguished himself greatly, and been slightly wounded in the action.

He wrote in great spirits, and with more show of affection toward his wife than he had of late manifested toward her, and congratulating himself on the idea of seeing her a countess ere a year had passed, the prince having promised to revive an ancient earldom, which had long been in abeyance, in favor of his brave supporter.

This letter was rewarded by the faithless wife, so soon as she was left alone, and its contents thoroughly perused, by being torn indignantly to atoms, and trampled under foot in a paroxysm of scorn and fury.

A few days after this she received a visit from her lover, at the head of a squadron of dragoons, who was now in full retreat for England, before the victorious armies of the prince, who was advancing by forced marches into Cumberland. He came under the pretext of searching for arms and papers, but in reality, to snatch a few moments of guilty consolation for defeat from his abandoned paramour, who received him with undisguised and rapturous affection.

Scarcely a month afterward siege was laid to Carlisle by the pretender; and after a few days it sur-

rendered to his army, and with a joyous and triumphant party of his friends and companions, Sir Reginald visited the house of his fathers, eager once more to embrace his beautiful wife and beloved children.

All was enthusiastic joy, and loud triumph. Nothing was spoken of but an uninterrupted march to London, but a succession of victories and glories, crowned by the coronation of the king at Westminster, before the old year should have given birth to the new.

It was with difficulty and disgust that the wife submitted to his caresses, the more odious now, that they were aggravated by his joy, which she termed insolence, and by his success, which seemed to prostrate the dearest of her hopes. And had it not been for the revelry and merriment which rendered the stay of the Chevalier's adherents at Vernon in the Vale almost one continued scene of tumultuous enthusiasm, her husband could scarce have failed to discover the total alienation of her feelings.

The only pleasure she tasted during his visit, was his assurance that, Mabel McFarlane never having been heard of since the night of her attack on Agnes, he was well assured that she had become entirely demented, and during some paroxysm of insanity had been guilty of the outrage, in consequence of which she had probably come to her end.

After a brief sojourn, Sir Reginald rejoined the Highland host; and full of high anticipations never to be fulfilled, and joyous dreams soon to be changed for tears and lamentations, their proud array took their way southward. For a time longer victory still clung to their footsteps. Manchester, with all the Catholic gentry of its ancient county, received the Prince with open arms; and Derby saw his gallant ranks defile, and his white banners wave in triumph as he passed under its antique gateways.

But there was the limit of his success, the term of his progress. Thence his retreat commenced, and with retreat, ruin—for after he had turned his back to the capital, not a man in all the kingdom looked upon his success as possible, or did not augur his discomfiture. Within a little more than two months after their triumphant passage through Carlisle, faint, hopeless and dispirited, the army of the unfortunate pretender retreated again, through that old city; but this time so speedy was their transit that Sir Reginald found no time to visit Vernon in the Vale, merely acquainting his wife by a brief and desponding letter, that he was resolved to adhere to the last to the fortunes of Charles Edward, and since revenge and victory had been denied to him, at least to die for the noble cause which he had adopted.

A week had not elapsed, before the cavalry of the Duke of Cumberland came up in hot pursuit, thundering on the track of the rebels, and again Bentinck Gisborough found time for a few hours



of dalliance with his once more exulting mistress.

The parting gleam of victory at Falkirk shed a last lustre upon the prince's arms, but availed him nothing, and the retreat was continued so far as to Culloden, where the Highland array was utterly and irretrievably defeated, the rebellion crushed, the hapless chief a fugitive, literally pursued with bloodhounds through the fastnesses of his hereditary kingdom, the birthplace of his royal lineage, and all his brave adherents flying with a price on their heads from the vengeance of the House of Hanover.

The energy and talent which Sir Reginald Vernon had displayed throughout the whole insurrection, would alone have entitled him to the undesirable eminence of especial guiltiness above all the rebels, but when to this were added the consideration that he had been actuated even more by hostility to the reigning house and personal rancor against the king, than by any loyalty to the Stuarts, and the secret instigations of the house of Gisborough, actuated by Bentinck, it was soon understood that whosoever else might be spared, no mercy would be shown to Vernon of Vernon in the Vale.

Meanwhile the prince escaped after incredible fatigues and hardships. Of his brave adherents too many perished by platoons of musketry under the martial law; too many on the bloody scaffold, victims to a mistaken and disastrous loyalty—a few escaped, and when vengeance was satiate of blood, a sad remnant received pardon and swore allegiance to the king.

But of Sir Reginald Vernon no tidings had been received since in the last charge of Honeywood's dragoons at Culloden, he was seen resisting desperately to the last, till he was unhorsed, cut down, and left for dead upon the plain. His body was not found, however, on the fatal field, and none knew what had befallen him; but it was generally supposed that he had escaped from the field only to die in some wretched and forlorn retreat among the inaccessible fastnesses of the Highland hills.

His name was fast sinking into oblivion, and was remembered only by his wife, when she congratulated herself on her liberation from his detested power.

The winter had passed away, and the flowers of spring had given way to the more gorgeous bloom of summer, and still nothing had been heard of Sir Reginald. Pursuit had ceased after the rebels. Peace had resumed its sway in the land; and once more Bentinck Gisborough, and his eldest sister Lucy, were on a visit at Vernon in the Vale.

It will be remembered that Reginald had devised his estates in trust to this very man, and the arrangement of this trust was the pretext of the present visit. Lucy accompanied her brother in order to play decorum, and prevent scandal concerning the young widow—for such Agnes was now generally regarded, though she had never

assumed weeds, or affected to play the mourner for the fate of a husband, whom she now openly spoke of as a cold, stern, selfish tyrant.

Ill success is a great accuser, a great condemner of the fallen. And what between the fury of the country against the vanquished rebels, by which it compensated its terror while they were victorious, and the address and beauty of Agnes Vernon, she had come to be regarded as a victim, in some sort, a very charming, and greatly to be pitied person—a beautiful innocent child ill assorted with a kind of public Catiline and domestic Blue Beard. And Lucy smiled and jested and played the unconscious innocent, while her brother played the villain and her hostess the wanton, openly before her unblushing face.

And the world had begun to whisper that it was pity that Sir Reginald's death could not be authenticated, that his widow might find consolation for all her sufferings and sorrows, in a more congruous marriage with the young officer who, it was rumored, had been the first object of her wronged affections.

Such was the aspect of affairs, when late on a July evening, while Lucy was gazing at the moon through the stained windows, and Agnes and Gisborough were talking in an under tone in the shadow of a deep alcove at the farther end of the with-drawing room, a servant entered with a billet which he handed to the lady of the house, saying that it had been brought in by one of the head forester's children, who had it from a stranger he had met in the park, near the Wild-boar glen.

Agnes turned pale as she heard his speech, and a half shriek burst from her lips, as her eyes fell on the hand-writing.

It was from her husband, and contained these words only:—

"AGNES: By God's grace I am safe thus far; and if I can lie hid here these four days, can escape to France. On Sunday night a lugger will await me off the Greene point, nigh the mouth of Solway. Come to me hither, to the cave I told thee of, with food and wine so soon as it is dark. Ever my dearest, whom alone I dare trust.

THY REGINALD."

"It is from him!" whispered Bentinck, so soon as the servant had retired, which he did not do until his mistress had read the letter through and burned it at the taper, saying carelessly, "It is nothing. A mere begging letter. There is no answer to it. Give the boy a trifle and send him home, Robinson."

"It is from him, Agnes!"—whispered Bentinck, in a deep voice trembling with emotion.

Agnes replied by a look of keen, clear, intelligence, laying her finger on her lip, and no more was said at the time, for Lucy had paid no attention to what was passing and asked no question, and Gisborough took the hint.

After a while, however, when the stir created by this little incident had passed over, she in her



turn said carelessly in an ordinary tone, not whispering so as to excite observation,

"Yes! It is he, and he must be dealt withal."

"Aye!" answered Bentinck. "Aye! but how?"

"You must not be here, Gisborough, the while; that is clear. So order your horse and men for to-morrow morning and ride away toward York, or to Hexham, it were better, to your brother's, and tarry there a week, saying nought of this to any body."

"Well? but what then? How shall the rest be done? or who shall do it?"

"I!" replied the miserable woman, her eye sparkling with fierce light, but her brow, her cheek, her lip, as white as ashes. "I!"

"You! Agnes, you!" said her lover, half aghast at such audacity and cruelty combined.

"Yes! I, infirm of purpose, I!—not with my hand though, with my head only! It has come to this, that we must take or be taken—that we must kill or die. I prefer the former."

"I will go," answered Gisborough quickly; and perhaps not sorry to be away from the spot during the acting of so awful a tragedy, and to have no absolute participation in the crime. "I will go, and order my horses now, and set forth at six o'clock," and he rose from his seat as if to go and give directions.

"Well, if you must go, I suppose it is better so," she replied. "Lucy," she added, raising her voice, "Bentinck goes to Hexham to-morrow, to see your brother upon business. Will you not run up to your room, dearest, and write a few lines to Maud, with my love, asking her to return hither with him for a few weeks."

"Surely, yes, Agnes," answered the girl, hurrying to obey her. "I shall be very glad, that is so kind of you." And she left the room quite unconscious of what was going on.

Gisborough gazed on his paramour with something between admiration at her coolness, and disgust at her cold-blooded ferocity, but the former feeling, backed by her charms, and his own interests, prevailed.

He drew her toward him, whispering, "You are a strange girl, Agnes. So soft and passionate in your love, so cold and stern in your hatred."

"And do you reproach me with it?"

"Reproach you? I adore you."

"A truce to these raptures now. This is the time for council and for action! this deed accomplished, I am yours, all and forever—now—where are the nearest soldiers, and of whose corps?"

"At Edenhall. Ligonier's veteran foot. One company with Captain De Rottenberg."

"Enough!" she answered. And, after a few moment's search in the drawer of a writing table, she found a piece of coarse soiled paper in which some parcel had been folded up, and scrawled some lines on it, in a coarse, masculine hand, ill spelled, and ungrammatical, acquainting the officer commanding the detachment, that by

searching the vault under the summer-house, in the park of Vernon in the Vale, hard by the waterfall in the wild boar's glen, he would secure a prize of importance, and gain a high reward.

This she directed and endorsed with speed, in the same manly hand. Then giving it to her lover: "When you are ten miles hence, on the road to Hexham, let one of your men, in whom you can place confidence, ride down to Alstone Moor, and forward it thence by express to Edenhall, post haste. Let the man use no names—tell him it is for a bet, or what you will, to divert him—only let him forward it post haste, and then follow you direct to Hexham. Once there, invent some cause to send him off to London, or to my father's, it were better in the New Forest, so all shall be over, or ere he return again."

"I will; I see, brave Agnes! clever Agnes!" and again he gazed at her passionately. "I see; and when he shall return——"

"His head shall have fallen," the woman interrupted him, "and we shall be one forever—secure and unsuspected: now leave me. I must go to him, and lull him to security. Fare you well, and God bless you!"

Most strange that lips, which scarce an instant ago had syllabled those bloody schemes of adultery and murder, should dare to invoke a blessing from the all-seeing God. But such and so inconsistent a thing is humanity.

And then, with fraud on her lips, and treason at her heart, she went forth, and carried food and wine, comfort, and hope, and consolation, and more, "the fiend's arch mock," the unsuspected caresses of a wanton, to her betrayed and doomed partner; where he lay, horrible concealment, in that dark loathsome vault, that charnel vault, wherein had rotted the mortal relics of the slaughtered woman, whose bones yet lay bare on the damp and mouldy pavement.

What passed at that interview, none ever knew. For terror, if not shame, held her tongue silent, and his was soon cold in death. Certain it is, however, that she did lull him into false security; for, on the second morning afterward, when De Rottenberg's grenadiers, obedient to the note of their anonymous informer, surrounded the summer-house, and entered the vault, they found him sleeping, and secured him without resistance.

The course of criminal justice was brief in those days, and doubly brief with one so odious to the government and the country at large, as a Roman Catholic rebel.

His trial quickly followed his apprehension; conviction, sentence, execution, went almost hand to hand with trial, so speedily did they succeed to it.

No hope of mercy was entertained by Sir Reginald, from the first. The obstinate adherence of his family to the hapless house of Stuart, forbade that hope, and he made no exertions to obtain it, neither hurrying rashly upon his fate, nor seeking weakly to avoid it.

It was observed at the time as strange, that he constantly refused to see his wife after his arrest, though he spoke of her respectfully, and even affectionately, to his attendants, and sent her his miniature, at last, by his confessor. Some attributed this refusal to a sense of his own past unkindness, and to self-reproach—others to a fear of compromising her with the government—but whatever was the cause, he kept it to himself; and died, with undaunted resolution, commending his soul to his Maker, and crying with his last breath, "God save King James!"—under all the appalling tortures which the law denounces, and which public opinion had not then disclaimed against those guilty of high treason.

He died, the good, the gallant, the high-minded—a victim not to disloyalty, or wicked partizanship, not to ambitious and self-seeking motives—but to a mistaken sense of right—a misguided

and blind loyalty to one whom he deemed his rightful sovereign, to family traditions, and what he believed to be hereditary duty.

He died—silent! and whether unsuspecting or unforgiving, even the guilty and fiendish wife who sent him to the reeking scaffold, slaying him by her thought and deed, as surely as if she had stricken him with her own hand, though she might doubt and tremble, never knew to her dying day.

So died, at Carlisle, in his prime of noble manhood, unwept and soon forgotten, Reginald Vernon. Peace be to his soul.

Vice was triumphant, then, and virtue quite down fallen and subdued with rampant infamy exulting over her. But the end was not then. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

And so was it seen thereafter.

(To be continued.)

## THE BABEL-BUILDER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE Babel-builder wrought,—

None, more than he,  
Exulted, as the usurping tower aspir'd  
In heighth, and arrogance. It matter'd not,  
Though Nature murmur'd of her Maker's ire,  
While now and then, menacing thunders broke  
From the dark bosom of some watchful cloud,  
For with uncheck'd ambition they went up,  
Up, toward the skies, determin'd thence to wring  
Imperishable fame. And ever first,  
And boldest, on the topmost cope he stood,  
With head advanc'd, as if he fain would peer  
Into Heaven's guarded gate, or listening catch  
The watch-word of its starry sentinels.

God look'd from Heaven, upon man's puny pride,  
And troubled it. Then fell the Babel curse,—  
Clamour, misapprehension, and revolt,—  
Discord and mockery;—all the ends of speech  
Made frustrate,—every settled plan unhing'd,—  
All union lost. Neighbour from neighbour fled,—  
And friend from friend, by pomp of empty words,  
A surging ocean of tumultuous sound,  
Bewilder'd and amaz'd.—

Crest-fallen, and sad,  
Home went the Babel-builder, and knelt down  
Beside his wife, resting his cover'd face  
Upon her shoulder. To that tender heart,  
The faithful refuge of his every care,  
Trustful he clung. But now, to his complaint  
She lent no fond attention, nor as wont,  
Press'd her cool hand upon his throbbing brow,  
Taking his sorrows to her inmost soul.  
No answering chord vibrated to his tones  
Of pain, or love.—Reproachfully he rose,

And backward drew,—as tho' a serpent's fang  
Transfix'd his breast. Had Nature chang'd her course?  
That selfishness should chill the living tide  
Of woman's sympathy,—and turn the heart  
To stone,—so long his own?—

The couch he sought  
Where their sick daughter pin'd, and fain had press'd  
In deep abandonment her fever'd cheek.—  
But a strange torrent of unmeaning sound  
Burst from her lips, and eagerly she claim'd  
What none might comprehend. Imploring eye,  
And tossing form, and weak, emaciate hand  
Strove to interpret her desire, in vain,—  
Till vex'd, and wearied with the bootless toil,  
She hid her face amid the pillowing down,  
And wept despairing tears.—

His only son,  
A beautiful and wayward youth, rush'd by,  
Link'd with a lawless band.—The father's voice  
High rais'd in anger of authority,  
Bade him return. But unregarded fell  
The agoniz'd command,—and with the laugh  
Of one who hears not, heeds not, on he went,  
In wild rebellion.—

The last, bitter dreg  
Reek'd in the proud man's cup. Fiercely he strode  
From his own home, and with a madden'd plunge  
Breasted the full-swoln Tigris, toward a land  
Of strangers, and to Shinar's hated plain  
Beacon'd with Memory's wrecks, returned no more.

Thus fared it with the Babel-men of old;—  
And in our own unresting, breathless age  
Are there no boastful builders,—who intent  
On dizzy aspiration, forfeit both  
Earth's peace, and Heaven's approval?





SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.



ENGRAVED BY JOHN SARTAIN THE ORIGINAL BY SAMUEL B. WAGGON

THE ROMAN SCRIBENER.

*From the Original Painting in the possession of Louis Philippe Esq. Phil.*

## THE ROMAN SCRIVENER.

BY CHRISTOPHER GREENLEAF.

(See Engraving.)

It is difficult to write of anything pertaining to ROME, the "Eternal City," once the mistress of the world in Arms, as she now is in the Arts, without unconsciously adopting a thousand hackneyed expressions of rhapsody and delight. It is the purpose of the present writer to avoid this propensity, so far as may be possible; regarding less all past associations, than scenes and characters of modern every-day life.

The sensations of the foreigner, especially the American, in Rome are curiously interesting. Coming from a new world, which boasts not a single ruin, he finds himself suddenly amid the wreck of past centuries, and within the very bosom of antiquity. He almost doubts his own identity, so varied and startling are his emotions, conjured by the scenes around him; until mentally rehearsing his school day lore, he remembers how the city founded by Romulus rose to the pinnacle of all earthly greatness; then how, declining through long centuries, it gradually came to be, throughout much of its area, but a mass of crumbling and discordant ruins. To an artist more especially, Rome is replete with scenes and associations of infinite interest. The temples, the obelisks, the triumphal arches of the ancient city, magnificent even in decay; the villas, the palaces, convents, cathedrals, St. Peter's, the Vatican, of more modern erection; all aid to furnish themes for enthusiastic admiration and patient study, which could not be exhausted in a lifetime.

The reader will fail to recognise in the name of Mr. Henry Buckingham, that of one of our favorite American painters. Few students of the Arts, however, ever made a pilgrimage hence to the *alma mater*, Italy, who carried with them a juster appreciation of all the stores of artistic knowledge which were there accessible to him. After a brief sojourn in Florence, he hastened to Rome, which was to him the great centre of the antique world. There he found themes for contemplation, not only in world renowned specimens in every department of the arts; but also in the new and picturesque forms of society which met his eye at every turn. Regarding all things with the eye of an artist, modern social distinctions were unheeded by him; and he often found as much to interest him in the look and garb of a

peasant, as in those of the haughtiest noble who sported his holiday attire along the Corso.

There was one class of persons now and then to be met with among the motley population of Rome, which interested our artist, as well by the novelty, as by the picturesqueness of their character and pursuits. They were the *scrittori*, or public scriveners. They are usually poor scholars, such as in America would become teachers, or penny-a-liners, or editors; in benighted modern Rome, however, they can find no such employments. As the name indicates, these persons are scribes, whose occupation, in part, is to prepare manuscripts for the poorer classes, many of whom are incompetent to write or even read their own musical language. The income derived from these employments, however, would be too limited for the support of the most economical Italian, were it not for the more liberal compensation the scriveners receive from foreigners, the nobles, and often the priests, for translating or copying manuscripts. It usually happens, in this manner, that the poor scrivener, though living as it were "from hand to mouth," becomes after a while as important a personage as is the "editor" in all countries which are blessed with newspapers; is the factotum of his neighborhood, and the confidant and mediator of scores of youthful lovers; and is a personal and especial friend even of his father confessor, who smiles good naturedly at his peccadilloes, and grants him many little indulgences in consideration of his intellectual attainments and his elevated social position.

The scrivener usually has his "office" in the vicinity of a public thoroughfare, within the shadow of some time worn ruin; some palace, or temple, or triumphal arch, around whose crumbling masonry the bright green ivy clings tenderly, as if endeavoring to bind up the wounds of the past, as well as to secure it from all future wreck. In this manner, he not only *saves his rent*, a consideration not to be despised by him, but enjoys a most picturesque abode, thronged on every hand with classical associations, lighted by the sky and sun of Italy, and embalmed with all the fragrant airs of that "flowery land." Kind, generous Nature be thanked for it!—the joys of life are distributed through all ranks and conditions of humanity,

with wonderful impartiality; and even the poor Roman Scrivener may have pleasures in store, which the proudest noble in the land might sigh for in vain.

Jacopo Cipriani, was, about the time of which we write, one of the most famous of all the *scrittori* of Rome, whose abodes, as described above, were found among the ruins. He was a favorite universally with foreigners, from his accurate knowledge of their various mother tongues, as well as from the amenity with which he always tendered his professional services. Our artist, Buckingham, embraced an early opportunity of making the scrivener's acquaintance, and soon found it to be of invaluable service to him. Signor Cipriani, or rather, Jacopo, as every body called him, proved to be not only a skilful instructor in the Italian, but also a most agreeable and accomplished antiquarian. He was perfectly familiar with all the favorite places of resort, within both the ancient and the modern city; and led the way to many a gallery of art and temple of antiquity, which the young artist would otherwise never have seen. With Jacopo, ROME, the great metropolis of the Past, had long been an all-absorbing study. Little had ever been written concerning its history, that had not undergone his careful perusal; more especially within a half mile's circumference of the ruin which he had appropriated to his professional uses, there was not a column, or stone, but he could inform you from what quarry it had been taken centuries before; what sculptor carved its matchless proportions; and in what Vandal incursion on the fated city, it had been dashed from its lofty eminence, and laid prostrate in the dust.

We cannot gratify the inquisitive reader's curiosity in reference to Jacopo's age, at the period of this veritable history, with any other reply than that it was somewhere between two and threescore. Our want of definiteness on this head, arises from no indisposition on our part to oblige; but because he, being a very prim old bachelor, always desired to have that affair remain in a delectable state of uncertainty. It was evident from a variety of sly inuendos, put forth on the subject by the scrivener, accompanied with a roguish blinking of the left eye, that he had not yet despaired of bettering his condition by the acquisition of a wife.

How and where he lived, apart from his professional pursuits, is a subject of almost equal mystery. It is only known that he lodged at a sculptor's in the neighborhood, partaking his frugal meal most usually in the market place. It was beneath the ruined arch he had so long occupied, that he felt most "at home." The place was admirably suited for an out-of-door residence. The wall facing the south, protected the occupant from the mid-day heat; while by shifting his seat morning and evening, he had it in his power, in direct opposition to the habits of the sun-flower, to turn

his back toward the rising or descending "orb of day." His "office" furniture consisted of a plain table and a plainer chair, which served his purpose admirably during the day, and were safely secreted after nightfall in a dark niche of the ruin. The fact is, the articles in question were not worthy of being stolen; moreover, if it had been otherwise, no one of the *lazzaroni* of Rome could have been found sufficiently daring to appropriate any thing that belonged to Jacopo. Poor though the humble scrivener seemed, many of the neighbors shrewdly suspected that he had managed to amass a sum quite sufficient to make him comfortable without exertion the remainder of his days. But rich or poor, a merrier heart did not beat in all Rome than Jacopo's. If he had ever known any special sorrow or disappointment, no trace of it could be perceived in his uniform and unvarying cheerfulness. Rich, indeed, he was in his own estimation; for he held undisputed possession of the same triumphal arch built of the choicest marble, which centuries before had been erected in honor of some blood-stained conqueror. Indeed, had that very personage, or his ghost, appeared to claim possession of the hoary and ivy-clad monument to his achievements, Signor Jacopo Cipriani would, doubtless, have addressed him fearlessly: "Avaunt, sirrah! know you not that you are trespassing on my private domain?"

Many were the delightful strolls taken by these two, the scrivener and the artist, amid the countless wonders of the "Eternal City." Buckingham never wearied in listening to the legendary lore of his voluble companion, who for his part was delighted at meeting one so ready to hear him with patience and respect. Now and then on meeting a cowed monk, who would smile blandly on Jacopo, the latter would inform the artist, how many a glass of wine they two had drank together on Sunday afternoons in some dark old monastic pile. Not unfrequently also the communicative scrivener, while passing among the peasantry, would inform his companion of many an affair of the heart, touching some of the number, and how he was concerned in helping to make matches for the young people. Thus it was that wherever Jacopo went, he was welcome with his companion, who thereby added greatly to his store of information concerning the people in whose midst he sojourned.

After a residence of some months in Rome, Buckingham learned from a correspondent, an English artist, at Florence, that the Grand Duke of Tuscany, desirous of affording some unusual incentive to artists, as well as of transmitting, by request of a distinguished prelate, some appropriate painting to the Bishop of a diocese in America, had offered a most liberal premium for the best painting, St. Cecilia being the subject, that should be exhibited to his Highness within a given period; the award to be determined by a commit-



tee of experienced and acknowledged artists. This generous offer aroused all of Buckingham's patriotic pride. Some American artist then in Italy should, he felt, for the honor of his country, secure the premium, and as their number was very limited, might not the task be allotted to him? He retired to his studio, and labored day after day, endeavoring to impart to the canvass the conception he had formed of the sainted Cecilia. His excessive anxiety to bear away the prize tended somewhat to unnerve him, and render him distrustful of every effort of his brush. Still he labored on; obliterating at each sitting all his former efforts; until at length he found himself bewildered by the very variety of his conceptions of the sacred character of the Saint. Embarrassed thus by the excesses of his own fancy, he resolved as a last resort to seek among the living for the object he would impress on the immortal canvass. He readily communicated the peculiarity of his position to Jacopo, and easily interested him in his behalf. Each sought assiduously in the varied walks in which they were thrown, among the nobility as well as among the peasantry, for a seraphic countenance appropriate to the proposed subject; and each sought in vain, until the young artist, with all his zeal for the honor of his country, was almost ready to despair.

Fortune at length, as if weary of coquetting with one so deserving her favor, came to his aid just in time to rescue his former hopes from utter abandonment. It was during Holy week, on the evening of Good Friday, that he and Jacopo mingled listlessly with the throng that were hastening toward St. Peter's. Amid the awe inspiring ceremonies, due to the sacred festival, that were observed within the noblest edifice ever reared by man in honor of his Maker, the agitation of the artist's mind soon subsided. On the evening in question the services were peculiarly solemn and impressive. A dense mass of human beings, differing widely in rank, yet equalized by the common requirements of religion, were gathered within the splendid temple. A devout and awful silence pervaded the multitude, listening with rapt attention to the low murmurs of the priests. Suddenly the lamps that had thrown a dazzling lustre around the altar and the tomb of St. Peter, were extinguished; while as by a miracle, a stupendous cross of light, as designed by the wondrous genius of Michael Angelo, seemed suspended from the lofty dome, shedding not a rude, gaudy glare upon that sea of upturned faces, but a gentle glow like the mild radiance of moonlight, harmonizing admirably with the hallowed atmosphere of the sanctuary. Many were kneeling at the moment; those who were not, suddenly prostrated themselves beneath the sacred symbol of Christianity. Among the number of the former, none were more devout than Jacopo; but it was not until the appearance of this startling tableau, that Buck-

ingham bowed himself to the marble floor. In the act, as he turned his gaze for a moment from the blazing cross overhead, his eye rested upon the upturned features of a young girl who knelt near him. She was habited in the rude garb of the peasantry. The coarse hood, which usually served at once as a protection against the elements and the rude gaze of the inquisitive, had fallen to her shoulders, leaving her unconscious of the sudden exposure; while her rivetted gaze, her rapt devotion, her faultless beauty, her entire expression of devout awe, as of one who with enraptured gaze penetrated beyond the lofty dome and the loftier sky, and beheld opening glimpses of Heaven, and heard sounds of seraphic music, overwhelmed the artist with emotions almost akin to idolatry.

Here at last, the thought instantly occurred to him, was the model he had so long sought for St. Cecilia. Pointing unconsciously to the equally unconscious figure beside him, he laid his hand heavily on Jacopo's shoulder, and whispered almost aloud, "Eureka! Eureka!" The scrivener suddenly uttering an ejaculation which sounded wonderfully like "Diabolo!" followed with his eyes the direction indicated by Buckingham. It was strange, what a burning glow overspread Jacopo's withered features. The artist regarded him for a moment with amazement, then turning toward the girl, he observed that she rose from her kneeling posture, and following the beck of a female figure clothed in the deepest mourning, was soon lost sight of, with her companion, in the dense throng.

"Heaven has favored my most ardent desire, dear Jacopo," said the artist, as they emerged from the cathedral. "I have been permitted to behold the very countenance whose true portraiture alone may make my fortune."

"Alas, Signor," said Jacopo, with an unusual show of emotion, "the heavenly features which may prove to you the omen of success and happiness, only serve to remind me of my misfortunes."

"How so, Jacopo? What can you mean?"

"Do not smile, Signor, at the idle gossip of a silly old man. My heart, withered though it be, is not yet insensible to all the delightful emotions which arise and warm my bosom at the remembrance of the bright hopes of my youth. Shall I proceed further, Signor?"

"Certainly, Jacopo. It would delight me to learn more of your past history."

"I believe I have never informed you, Signor, that I was born at Florence, and there grew to incipient manhood. Who can be born and live in Italy, yet remain insensible to the charms of love? It was my misfortune that I loved above what they call my "rank." Rank, as you have, perhaps, discovered, Signor, is in Italy, but a ludicrous farce; yet upon that turned the question of my happiness. I do not doubt, indeed, I am assured, that Teresa loved me; but pride and false

friends reminded her that I was but a poor scholar, while she was descended, though remotely, from a long line of noble ancestry. Need I tell you that through these influences my suit was rejected? Weary almost of my life, I abandoned my native city, and came hither. The ruins, Signor, which are now so familiar to me, seemed to harmonize with the utter desolation that reigned within my heart. Since then my chosen home has been amid the sublimest relics of Rome's past magnificence, where I have lived apart from the emotions which usually absorb the thoughts of my fellow-men. As for Teresa, I have not seen her since I first left Florence. I heard long ago that she had married a dashing cavalier of her own rank. Her image had not crossed my mind for years, until—can you believe it, Signor—I saw her features copied in those of the girl we saw to-night beneath the dome of St. Peter's. For a moment I almost imagined that I was again a youthful Florentine, kneeling at the feet of beauty, but placing my hand here among these thin and snowy locks, I was at once reminded that I was but a poor Roman scrivener. Pardon me, Signor, for thus taxing your patience with the idle story of my early love; but you are yet young, and you know not how fondly we who are passing down among the shadows of life, cling to the faintest gleams of sunshine that have fallen to our lot."

"You have my warmest sympathies, dear Jacopo," said Buckingham, "I know little of the thing you call 'love.' Indeed, I sometimes fear that I am insensible to the tender emotions of which I hear so much. I fear I am too fastidious, as I can admire nothing which is not a fit copy for a choice work of art; and such specimens, you know, are rare even in Italy. It is possible I might be tempted to throw away some of my superfluous enthusiasm on the fair copy of your old sweetheart, Jacopo, if I were only thrown occasionally within the power of her charms. However, I shall paint her portrait for my picture of St. Cecilia, commencing my task early in the morning; and as I owe the fair girl a debt of gratitude, and should not be able to sleep a wink all night with her charming features beaming before my fancy, I shall amuse myself with writing her a letter, Jacopo, and shall entrust you with the delivery thereof, provided you will in the first place look over the document, and correct my imperfect Italian, and provided, in the second and most important place, you ever succeed in again laying eyes on the young lady."

"Never fear me, Signor," replied Jacopo. "I shall use every means to discover her, as well for your sake as to gratify my own curiosity."

The friends parted for the night. Buckingham's first proceeding on reaching his studio, was to draw his brush fantastically over various bits of framed canvass whereon were depicted imperfectly the features of a youthful female. Having

thus embellished these unsatisfactory attempts of his own at portraying St. Cecilia, he produced his letter portfolio, and commenced writing. Thus, as well as in pacing to and fro across his chamber, and gazing from his window upon the magnificent panorama which surrounded him, he passed the night, until as morning dawned, he fell asleep in his chair. His slumbers were brief, as he was soon awakened by the bright glare of the rising sun, shining full upon him. He soon resumed his painter's task, and his eye began to brighten with anticipations of success as the features of the young Italian girl, one by one, glowed from the canvass.

During their next interview, on the afternoon of that day, Buckingham delivered to the scrivener the note designed for the fair model of his Cecilia. Though he had written it from a hasty impulse, he still desired Jacopo to deliver it if an opportunity should ever occur. He felt that in this manner only could he express his obligations to the unconscious beauty of the fair Italian whom he might never again behold. The scrivener immediately retraced the entire note, here and there correcting slight errors which were natural to the writer, as being unskilled in the language; adding at the close, the request that any reply which might be made, should be left at his "office."

Jacopo, watching every opportunity, at length discovered the object of his search, accompanied as before, by a figure in deep mourning, in the midst of the throng at St. Peter's, during the closing services of Holy Week. He also contrived, following closely at her side, to place the note gently and unobserved within her hand. She at first seemed startled at the touch of a stranger, but observing the venerable and benevolent features of the scrivener, she carefully secreted the note beneath her bodice, and giving him a signal to retire, she hastened on with her companion. Jacopo became impatient, far more so, indeed, than did Buckingham, but the impatience of neither brought any reply to the note. The artist meantime labored assiduously to complete the proposed painting; and having shown it only to Jacopo, who fell into raptures on account of its faithful representation of the real as well as the ideal character, he proceeded with it to Florence, there to contend with it for the premium, so generously offered by the Grand Duke.

The sight of the fair young girl who had aroused all of Buckingham's artistic admiration, had awakened a new train of emotions in the bosom of the scrivener. As he sat day after day beneath the ruined arch waiting for the light footsteps of the girl bearing her own reply to his young friend's note, or for the arrival of some messenger despatched by her, he began to feel almost like a youthful lover looking anxiously for some token of affection from his fair dulcinea. Uppermost in his mind was the impression that she



whom Buckingham had chosen as the model of his Cecilia, bore a near resemblance to the Teresa of all his own youthful dreams; and it was with the hope of being enabled to unravel the mystery by which the two seemed in some manner united, that he desired again to see the fair counterpart of the object of his youthful love.

Meantime our heroine remained entirely unconscious of the emotions which she had so innocently excited in the breasts of Jacopo and Buckingham. That a young American artist had imagined that the expression she wore on any especial occasion would become a painting of St. Cecilia, and had accordingly placed her features on canvass, to be submitted to the inspection of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and of the artists at his court; and that a respectable and somewhat antiquated scrivener, groping every day of his life among manuscripts and ruins, had conceived a great fancy for her, from having discovered that she bore a real or imagined resemblance to an old sweetheart of his own; of both these facts she remained profoundly ignorant. The fact is, though it may appear incredible in this land of school-masters, she could not read a syllable of manuscript. For reasons which will presently appear to the reader, she dared not exhibit the note to her mother, the companion who always attended her; while she found it for some days impossible to escape the strict espionage which watched her every movement abroad. More than a week had elapsed since the receipt of the note, which still remained a sealed mystery to her, when she could bear the suspense no longer; and the curiosity natural to one so young and ingenuous, (not to say *to one of her sex*), impelled her forth in search of an interpreter. She remembered to have seen or heard of a scrivener who sat beneath a ruin not far from her humble home. Thither she hastened, trembling like a guilty thing at every step, for this was her first adventure. The sun had already declined far down the western sky when she reached the ruin. Jacopo sat busily engaged with his manuscripts, while the girl looking over the top of his chair discovered to her surprise, that the scrivener and the bearer of the letter were one and the same person. The sound of her footstep at length attracted Jacopo's attention; and on beholding beside him the fair girl of whom he had recently thought so much, he started from his seat as at the sight of some ghostly apparition. She resolutely declined the offer of his chair, and producing the note she asked—

"You remember this, signor! What does it mean?"

"Have you not read it?" inquired the scrivener.

"You forget, signor; I am poor. I cannot interpret it."

"Sure enough, I never thought of that," said Jacopo with a sympathizing air. Then resuming his seat, unfolding the manuscript, producing his

eye-glass, and premising that the letter had been composed, not by himself, but by a youthful and accomplished American artist, he proceeded to read the manuscript aloud. Jacopo's last statement tended to increase the anxious curiosity of the girl, who leaning gracefully on the back of his chair, listened attentively throughout. The mysterious document, liberally rendered, ran as follows;—

"I know you will open and read this letter with much astonishment, coming as it does from one whom you have never seen. I am persuaded that you have never looked upon me even for a single moment; for during the instant when alone I beheld your ravishing beauty, your gaze was rivetted on another and a worthier object. It may be best that you should remain ignorant of the stranger who has dared to regard you with a degree of admiration never before excited in his breast by the sight of mortal woman. It is quite possible, also, that I may never again look upon you; and that the vision of heavenly beauty which I beheld to-night beneath the dome of St. Peter's, has been withdrawn from my gaze, never to be renewed. One of the poets, however, writing in my native tongue, has declared that 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever!' If so, (and I believe it with all my heart,) the vision of that enraptured moment will never cease to bless and guide me with its radiance, leading me to a purer ambition and a higher destiny in future.

"I have come from a country yet in its infancy, to this land of hoary centuries, to cultivate my favorite Art. I have pondered over the works of the old masters, until I have been by turns discouraged by my own poor acquirements, and again stimulated with the hope of rivalling their splendid achievements. Recently a fresh stimulus has been applied to my artistic ambition. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, with the generosity for which he is renowned, has proposed a premium for the best representation on canvass of one whom your religion has taught you to revere—St. Cecilia. As the successful painting is to be sent to America, I have been for days and weeks moved by an irrepressible ambition to win the proffered reward.

"I had from the first a vague conception of the countenance I desired to depict; the calm sublime forehead; the eyes melting with tenderness, yet glowing with rapture; the lips slightly parted in the unconsciousness of worship, giving breath to the essential adoration of the soul. But after repeated efforts I failed to impart to the canvass the vague conceptions of my fancy. I needed to discover a living countenance which should embody and define what I sought; and failing in this I began to despair.

"The curiosity natural to a stranger in Rome; the desire to forget my anxieties on the subject which had so long absorbed me; a variety of emotions drew me to-night to St. Peter's. It was



at the moment when I became transported at the sight of that radiant cross, the symbol of all my hopes for the future life, my startled gaze rested upon you as you knelt near me. It was but for an instant, yet that single glance sufficed. It was as if the sainted Cecilia glowing with the radiance of the upper world, had come down to respond to the vague longings of my soul. I felt that I had discovered the object I had sought so long in vain, and as I offered a prayer of gratitude to Heaven, you turned away and were soon lost to my sight.

"You will wonder why I write, but my heart and brain are full of the rapture which none but an artist can know. As I gaze from my window upon the moonlighted glories of the "Eternal City;" as I remember the countless scenes of beauty and grandeur I have witnessed in her midst; I feel that the remembrance of all these may pass away; but the vision of seraphic beauty which Heaven granted me to-night, is alone that which will abide with me forever.

"By the dawn of the morning I shall be busy with my brush, endeavoring to impart your features to the canvass. Should my hope of bearing away the proffered prize be realized, the painting will embellish an American cathedral, imparting perhaps to others somewhat of the same rapture which glowed upon your countenance to-night at St. Peters. I am your debtor, and I know not how otherwise I can do aught to cancel the obligation, than by the mode I have now adopted. Allow me then, *my own Cecilia*, (for thus I must address you,) with the assurance that I can never forget you, or that impressive scene of which you were the brightest feature, to bid you for the first, and it may be for the last time, Adieu.

BUCKINGHAM."

The sun was setting as Jacopo finished reading the manuscript. He turned and found the girl gazing thoughtfully upon the ground.

"Pardon me, Signorina, but by what name shall I call you?" inquired the scrivener.

"Maddalena," said the girl.

"And your mother?" said Jacopo.

"Not a word of my mother," said she, placing her finger upon her lip, "And now, kind Signor," she continued, placing Buckingham's note again beneath her boddice, "Adieu."

"You will come again," suggested the scrivener.

"Perhaps. Adieu!" and she was soon lost to his sight.

It would be idle to attempt to delineate the scrivener's feelings for days subsequent to this interview, which had again revived all the ardor of his youth. His anxiety again to behold the fair Maddalena was heightened, while it was somewhat relieved by a letter he received soon after from Buckingham, writing from Florence, in which the writer informed him with ill-suppressed exultation that he had won the prize.

"It was most remarkable," continued the manuscript, "that among the paintings exhibited for the premium, there were beside my own three others, which were portraits of the girl we saw at St. Peter's. It appears that she with her mother recently resided at Florence; and the artists who copied her features in their paintings of St. Cecilia, were astonished when I informed them that I had met her in Rome.

"It seems that her mother, Teresa Roselli by name, was left some years since a widow, with but one child, her daughter Maddalena. They say she married a dashing young fellow in obedience to the wishes of her family, although it was believed she loved another. Many circumstances conspired to wean the mother from the world. She lived for years in the closest retirement, designing to devote her daughter to the church. Her husband having squandered their mutual estate, she was left in a condition of entire dependence, but found means for comfortable support in the art of embroidering, which she had acquired as an accomplishment in early life. I have been shown some of the priestly robes which were embellished by her needle; and I assure you they are beautiful beyond conception. I am informed that it was from the prospect of greater encouragement in her art, as well as from the demands of the prelates of Rome, that she has recently changed her residence from Florence to your own city. One thing is certain, Jacopo, that the mother's wishes in reference to the daughter must be foiled. I entrust the affair to you, until I see you again at Rome."

The writer must hasten to a conclusion which the reader has already anticipated. If thy quick imagination had not already foreseen all that followed, I should delight to tell how Buckingham returned to Rome and met the fair Maddalena more than once beneath Jacopo's ruined arch; and how the scrivener undertook to become her instructor during moments stolen from her humble home; and how that venerable personage discovered that the girl's mother was really no other than the object of his only youthful love; and how at length he dared to intrude upon her privacy, and make himself known to her after a separation of more than a score of years; and how by degrees the hearts of the elder two warmed towards each other, as they revived the remembrances of the unforgotten past; and how it was proved as the young lovers, the artist and his model, wandered among the ruins that Love, born of Heaven, can survive all sublunary things; and how when two years after their first acquaintance, Buckingham became wedded to Maddalena, and purposed returning with her to America, the scrivener had succeeded in persuading Signora Teresa, who had long since recovered from her monastic gloom, that they also had better unite their fortunes for the brief term of life which remained to them.

## ENGLISH AND AMERICAN MANNERS.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

If there is any one feeling among the people on the Continent of Europe that may be termed universal, it is a dislike of the English. Even those countries which derive their subsistence in a great degree from the lavish expenditure of British travellers, detest the hand that feeds them. They accept the means of living, but avenge themselves on Fate by cursing while they bow. Nobody ever says a good word of the English on the continent, unless it be some cunning courier, who would make the munificence or the condescension of *mi lor* the measure of yours, or some veteran hotel-keeper, bringing American vanity to the mark which suits his interest, by hinting at the elegance of English habits.

The general dislike seems in no degree to annoy the subjects of it. They walk on, *le nez en l'air*, as if it were the pleasantest thing in the world to be detested. To attract the good will of those who minister to their convenience or pleasure is evidently no part of their plan of enjoyment. Any degree of human sympathy with the people they make use of, would seem to them as absurd as affection for a locomotive, or gratitude to a side-board. Full of natural affection at home, and within certain limits, they have the air, abroad, of considering every one they meet as either a servant or an enemy. The real feeling which lies *perdu* under this ungracious exterior, is called forth only in case of some accident to life or limb, for our island brethren being brave, have great sympathy with bodily pain; but the pain of wounded pride—which they themselves dread above all things;—and suffering which arises from sensibility to rudeness—one to which their strong and rather rough natures are little subject—they pass unnoticed or view with contempt. In short, the English abroad show themselves in their worst colors, and keep as many of their good qualities out of sight as possible. The American who desires to be on good terms with those he meets, must take care to make known his country, that similarity of language may not cause him to be mistaken for an Englishman.

But unamiable as is the British character abroad, not a few of our travelling countrymen are disposed to imitate it, with an idea of enhancing their consequence. They exchange the easy, self-confident air which they are accustomed to

wear at home for the silence, the reserve, the hauteur, which they observe in the English. Finding the effect of such manners on themselves, they adopt them in their turn, hoping to awe others.

An American of this temper cuts a most ludicrous figure travelling in Europe. His plain habits and his natural manner peep out quite often enough to show that the lion's skin does not fit him. The constraint which an effort at being grand occasions, tires him to death; and the consciousness that he does not perform his chosen part well, makes him ill humored. His wife and daughters, having more facility of adaptation, fall more easily into new ways, and suffer the mortification of failure less frequently. But they always become thoroughly stupid and uninteresting, enjoying but little, and learning nothing, that foreign travel offers. Leaving wholly out of the question those of both countries whom high cultivation and exalted worth place essentially upon a level; who, accepting the same high standard, are in a great degree above the modifying influence of mere conventionalities; leaving out this highest class, there ought to be an essential difference between English and American manners, at least Americans should beware how they assume the manners of the English. People bred to aristocratic ideas may without inconsistency indulge in a hauteur which comes natural to them—for aristocracy being once accepted, there is no class above the lowest which may not claim its privileges over somebody. But the same thing in an American, whose greatest boast it is that he has done away with all aristocracy but that of merit, is simply ridiculous. Knowing the notions in which the Briton has been educated, we may perceive a certain dignity in his self importance; but the consciousness that in the American a similar behaviour requires a continual effort, makes him appear weak and under-bred.

The foundations of this great country of ours, of which we are apt to boast a little more than is becoming, were laid in professions of equality and brotherhood which it required a good deal of philosophy even to adopt,—still more to put in practice. But we did adopt them, and that not by the acclamations of a few demagogues, but by the concurrence of the whole national mind, in accordance with the advice of the wise and good

men sent by Heaven to our aid in that forming moment. We adopted sentiments which derive their origin and their sanction from Christianity, when we were suffering under the legitimate results of British principles of government, and had learned what precious things were justice, and humanity, and fellow-feeling; and many a vaunt since that day has attested the sincerity of our approbation of the ideas developed in the hour of trial and enthusiasm.

Our nation, *as a nation*, is no less satisfied than formerly with the wisdom of the original choice. Far from growing less democratic, we become every year more so. No step backwards is considered possible, even by the most anxious conservative. Every modification of the laws tends to a stricter and more literal equality of rights and privileges. It requires all the power of the South, exerted with the energy of a life-struggle, to keep even the blacks in a degraded caste, so all pervasive is the influence of our political creed upon our social practice. For the first time since the creation, is exhibited the spectacle of an equality almost Christian. The servant is as his master, and in truth is sometimes not a little disposed to change places with him; indeed if it were not for daily importations from monarchical countries, we of the North should have no servants at all. The continual subdivision of property by law, where primogeniture has no privileges, obliges the sons or grandsons of the rich to exert themselves for the acquisition of the means of life, and so puts them at least on a level with the descendants of the poor—generally rather below them in the capacity to acquire, since habits of frugality and self-denial are much more likely to result in competence, than the more indulgent ones which wealth begets.

This state of things has had a marked effect on our character and manners as individuals. We are a good-natured and brotherly people; we like to be closely bound together by ties of family, and neighborhood, business, church, and politics. A man must be very contemptible or odious, if, after he has once been respected or liked among us, any misfortune happening to him is not felt with sympathy by the public; and remedied as far as may be. I do not mean that misfortunes happening to individuals are felt as they ought to be, in a community of Christians—who are bound by their allegiance to their Master, to consider the suffering of one member as the suffering of the whole body; but I have often thought that there was more public sympathy and generous aid to the unfortunate here than I had ever heard of or been able to discover any where else. At the West, if a man's house burn down, his neighbors immediately join and build him another; and not content with this, scour the country for forty miles round, if necessary, to stock it with comforts. If a poor woman die and leave help-

less little ones, somebody is sure to adopt them, and bring them up, not on the cold pittance of a grudging charity, but as sons and daughters. And in spite of the keenness of business-competition, so inimical to some of the virtues, where is found so warm a mercantile sympathy as in our great commercial cities?

Why then should there be any Americans who desire to return to the hollow and unchristian tone of society which is the inevitable result of unjust and unrighteous social distinctions? As a nation we have put our hand to the plough and cannot look back if we would; we have chosen a path which our sons and daughters may pursue with firmness and dignity, leading the great procession in whose ranks all mankind are now so anxious to enrol themselves. Wherever we go, we are looked upon as the representatives of the principle of self-government. Our actions and even our manners, are examined as tests both of the soundness of our political maxims, and the sincerity and intelligence with which we adopt them. We cannot persuade any body to consider our national ideas as a separate thing from our national manners. We have voluntarily placed all spurious dignity out of our reach by the most solemn acts of renunciation; making it forever disgraceful in an American citizen to claim for himself any honor which he has not earned. Some foreigner has said that the only aristocracy of the United States was to be found in the families of our revolutionary heroes, civil and military; but the nation ignores even these claims, if the descendant show in his own character no mark of the worthiness of his ancestry. We have absolutely no sinecures, even of fame; every man must earn whatever consideration he enjoys. The richest men the country has ever possessed, have stood exactly where they deserved to stand, in public estimation, their wealth passing for nothing, or worse than nothing, in the account. Our Presidents, after they have fulfilled their term of office as public servants, retire into the ranks of common men, without the least vestige of their kingly power clinging to them, even in the shape of the smallest provision for their wants, which might place them above the necessity of exertion. If they or their families should claim any peculiar position in society, on account of past honors, the whole country would deride their folly and inconsistency. Yet there are not wanting those among us who with no claim beyond a little wealth—and that too, depending on a mercantile basis, proverbially fleeting,—attempt to imitate on a small scale the aristocratic insolence which they observe in the English; forsake the true and wholesome notions of kindness and consideration for others in which their parents were educated, and practice the coldness, the disregard, the egotism, which have been the natural growth of society in which caste has been recognized for thousands of years.



The true glory of the American character at home or abroad, is simplicity, truth, kindness, and a strict regard to the rights and feelings of others. Whenever the conventional standards of other nations conflict with these, they should be repudiated by us, however fascinating they may seem to our pride. An Englishman may with less blame be self-inclosed, haughty and overbearing. He has not only been taught pride, but he has been taught to be proud of his pride; while if an American be mis-proud, he has but his own perverse littleness of soul to blame. Not only do individual Englishmen and Englishwomen indulge themselves in a lofty and self-forgetful tone, but the oracles of the nation, the very pulpits, encourage the unholy illusion. "Condescension" is preached as a virtue to the rich, "submission" and "deference" to the poor. A late number of the *Quarterly Review*, in a series of remarks on the subject of governesses, which are intended to be highly humane and generous in their tone, after describing a governess as "a being who is our equal in birth, manners and education, but our inferior in worldly wealth," remarks—"The line which severs a governess from her employers is not one which will take care of itself, as in the case of a servant. If she sits at table she does not shock you—if she opens her mouth she does not distress you—her appearance and manners are likely to be as good as your own—her education rather better; there is nothing upon the face of the thing to stamp her as having been called to a different state of life from that in which it has pleased God to place you, and therefore the distinction has to be kept up by a fictitious barrier." "She is a burden and restraint in society, as all must be who are placed ostensibly at the same table, and yet are forbidden to help themselves or to be helped to the same viands."<sup>(1)</sup> "She must, to all intents and purposes live alone, or she transgresses that invisible but rigid line which alone establishes the distance between herself and her employers." This state of things is so entirely according to the reviewer's view of right, that he adds a protest against being suspected of "a hope, even a wish" to see it remedied. "We must ever keep them in a sort of isolation, for it is the only means for maintaining that distance which the reserve of English manners, and the decorum of English families exact." If these be the teachers what are we to expect of the taught! Can Americans adopt such sentiments and copy such manners without belying their parentage and renouncing the principles which made them what they are? Shall Christian men and women among us be dazzled by English splendor into forgetfulness of the odious and unfeeling worldliness implied in such views of life? The picture of wretchedness, insanity and death, which is the portion of a dreadful percentage of English governesses from

*this one cause of wounded feeling*, should be read in connection with the reviewer's cool speculations on the subject, in order to obtain a just idea of the dreadful self-forgetfulness into which people may run who prefer the pampering of their pride to the practice of justice and humanity. And after reading this, every American can draw his own conclusions as to the desirableness of transplanting to our soil this root of bitterness, sin and ruin.

A marked difference between the manners of Englishmen and Americans, is shown in their respective behaviour under provocation or injury. An American is at least as quick to feel an intentional insult as another man;—at least as prompt in resenting it as a Christian man may lawfully be. But if a servant misbehave, or if some dispute arise, it will not be natural to him to resort to his fist or his boot; and if he should, in a momentary gust of passion, so far forget himself, he will not boast of the feat afterwards, complacently constituting himself judge, jury and executioner in his own case, without for a moment suspecting that the question of right and wrong may have had two sides. But for an Englishman to act thus is nothing remarkable, though he will take care that the abused person is in a position to be silenced or bought off with a bribe, which no American could be. The rights of others operate as a complete restraint upon such outbursts of passion with us.

I would not be understood to mean that in England the law is not made to protect the inferior in such cases, or that Englishmen are worse natured than other men. I am speaking of manners, as modified by certain social peculiarities. The injured party may claim redress at the law, but the law, interpreted under the powerful influence of social prejudice, is not a very safe resort for the poor man, who is ruined if he fail to establish his charge; and, practically, the superior in future does indulge his temper more freely, from knowing that any ordinary injury can be compensated in money, which could never be the case in the United States.

Female imitation of English aristocratic manners among us, is generally confined to matters of dress, show, equipage and fashions of seeing company. We do not imitate our neighbors where they are most worthy of imitation—in their solid and elegant cultivation; in their national habit of ample exercise in the open air, or the excellently simple and healthy treatment of children. Our ambition is limited to matters connected with "style," and whatever tends to the establishment of distinctions in society. We go to the French for dress, and to the English for manners—a wise choice if it were necessary to ape any body; but how much wiser would be a firm and modest originality; a simplicity founded upon principle.

moderation in expense for the express purpose of being liberal where liberality is honorable; plainness of dress resulting at once from good taste and from religious self-denial, for the sake of others to whom our flaunting array may be a mortification or a snare; plainness of living, lest our splendor should separate between us and the good to whom God has not seen fit to give riches; a direct truthfulness of speech, as far from the language of unmeaning compliment as from the rudeness which bespeaks want of sympathy. In short, should we not, as a nation, be happier and more respectable if we carried out, heartily but quietly, in our habits and manners, the grand and simple ideas to which our country owes her position among the nations of the earth?

Can any one believe that we should sink in the world's estimation by living consistently? Are our ambassadors treated with less consideration than those of other powers, when they appear in republican simplicity in the midst of stars and orders? They have the reality of respect, however unwillingly rendered. Franklin appeared at the most splendid court in Europe in his homely woollen hose; was he the man of least consideration there? The notion of republican equality was new then, and this outward plainness was understood to be its proper interpretation; but the power of mind was never more fully recognized. Europe is attempting to follow us to our own ground—why should we wish to go back to hers? She has long ago reached what we seem to be striving after—the height of luxurious and ungodly living—and proved its unsatisfactory emptiness. When we compete with her here, we place ourselves at disadvantage; for we cannot equal her, in centuries of effort. Artificial manners were in her the natural growth of a thousand circumstances; in us they are contrary to the natural course of things, and a mere aping of what dazzles us. Would we might rather fall in love with truth and heartiness!

The impossibility of equalling an old and highly refined nation in the realities of splendor, is a reason which should operate on our pride, at least. We may purchase a fac simile of the furniture and equipage of an English Duke; we may buy his cook and give his dinners; or we may provide scenery, dresses and decorations for his duchess's *soirée* or reception—but what have we done towards reflecting the style of his household? Where is the high breeding, the self-poise, the at-home air, among these things? If we would make a dinner party the expense of which should vie with the city feast at a coronation, where shall we find the company? Among worthy merchants and lawyers, or members of congress, or judges? Have not some of our greatest men—I may say all our greatest men—been of the simplest tastes and habits? Where can we find a man whose

conversation would be of the least value, who would not prefer visiting where style was a secondary matter? And surely a splendid feast without elegant conversation is a mortifying sight. Even in England, where splendor is inbred, every body groans over a grand dinner; in America the burthen is intolerable, both to entertainers and sufferers.

Do not let us adopt any artificial and un-American customs with the desire to imitate, or the hope to rival, our English neighbors. Our imitation will be crude and vapid; our rivalry ridiculous. They could much more profitably imitate us in the simplicity which we despise, and not a few of their best spirits desire to see some approach to such a state of things, in the hope of averting the ills which threaten their prosperity and grandeur. They feel that their safety lies in lessening the gulf which lies between the privileged classes and "the people." Now we are "the people," and we cannot be any body else. To attempt it were as vain as for a soldier to step out of the ranks in order to appear to better advantage. With us, the good of one is the good of all. We have a grand position as independent Americans; we sink at once into an inferior one, when we imitate any body. The whole range of cultivation lies before us; we can inform and refine our minds to any extent, and spend our fortunes according to the tastes thus imbibed. We may live liberally and even elegantly, without renouncing the dignified simplicity which draws its maxims and habits from the proprieties of things, and not from the conventionalisms of people in the old world; we may become the patrons of Art because we love and understand it, not because somebody else with money patronizes Art, and we do not like to be behindhand; we may exercise hospitality in the true spirit—that which excludes the idea of emulation, and thinks only of social pleasure or kindness. And we can do all this without even inquiring what will English or French Mrs. Grundy say, or hampering ourselves with a set of rules and notions, which, whatever may have been their propriety where they grew up, are to us the very killers of healthy enjoyment, enemies of the poetry of life. The tameness which is the result of imitation is dreadful. Whoever among us speaks his honest sentiments always acknowledges that our tone of society is dull and uninteresting; and this is partly owing to the incessant pursuit of money; partly to a disregard of æsthetic cultivation; but principally to a want of naturalness—a spirit of imitation, which prompts us to be always in the rear of some model, without the least dependence on our own judgment or taste. We lack individuality; and although the English possess it in large measure,—as from their great self-esteem they might be expected to do—yet we can never acquire it by copying their manners.







RAMAH, OR ARIMATHEA.







THE SECOND OF JULY



ENGRAVED BY H. F. TUCKER & J. BARNES - THE SECOND OF JULY

THE SECOND OF JULY



## RAMAH; OR, ARIMATHEA.

BY MISS E. A. STARR.

(See Engraving.)

THE slow-paced camels track thy shaded ways,  
Thy plains are green, thy olive groves are fair,  
And pious pilgrims sing with reverent praise  
The placid charms of thy benignant air,  
Recalling 'mid thy hill-side's bland repose,  
Thy kingly triumphs, and thy sacred woes.

For thou with all a mother's touching grace,  
Art bearing on thy solitary breast  
Thy prophets' bones, which in thy fond embrace  
Found their meet birth-place and a friendly rest;  
And Rachel's lovely dust the patriarch laid  
With tears, beneath thy melancholy shade.

Thy shepherds walk where David walked of yore,  
And tuned to heavenly joys his dulcet string,  
For while he listened to thy sea's far roar,  
His God's sweet praise alone he deigned to sing;  
Or turned from all thy cool, refreshing bowers  
To gaze on Salem, and her distant towers.

And gentle Ramah, in thy mournful eyes  
The tears still stand, thy anguish unforget,  
When thou thy babes besought of pitying skies,  
And wrung thy wailing hands to find them not;  
For griefs like thine, in greatness, are allied  
To those which prostrate nations at thy side.

But where that melting cry's memorial stands,  
How clear the light which stirs the ancient gloom,  
For Ramah's son with just and blameless hands  
Laid his dead Lord within a virgin tomb,  
And by that one sweet act of love was sealed  
Thy covenant with the hope, that tomb revealed.

No pilgrim's staff befits this girlish palm,  
No pilgrim's vest may gird my maiden zone,  
And yet my soul partakes thy sacred calm,  
Thy chastened grief's serene, ethereal tone  
And in the trance of memories so benign,  
I lose the woes I sadly claimed as mine.

## THE PROPHECY OF THE FLOWER.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

(See Engraving.)

WHEN the sunlit steps of morning  
Illumined the distant hill,  
And light and melody trembled  
Together along the rill;  
When the long grass bent into shadow  
And rose to the light again,  
While the breeze with a slow, soft whisper  
Passed over the waving grain,  
A whistle, as sweet as a bird's,  
'Neath Aveline's lattice came,  
And out of a dream of beauty,  
She dawned in joy and shame,  
As the morn stole out of the mist,  
With dew and with rosy flame.

And quick from the lattice glancing,  
She vanished—and reappeared  
By the rustic fence, where her lover  
Impatiently hoped and feared.  
He stood with his gun beside him,  
For a huntsman bold was he,  
And he trod the mountain passes  
With a bravery rare to see.  
Sweet Aveline came with a smile  
And a blush in her delicate face,  
She gathered a starry flower  
And spoke with a tender grace,  
And while he listened entranced  
To the musical words she said,  
From the leaves of the magical flower  
Sweet visions came out and fled.

Sweet dreams of the far-off Future  
That rose on the morning air,

And thrilled in his heart, and vanished  
In colors of beauty rare,  
And still her low, sweet cadences  
Charmed his listening soul,  
And still from the fairy flower  
The beautiful pictures stole—  
The bright dream-scenes of Hope,  
They floated in light away  
To the maiden's musical murmur,  
Like a rivulet's languid play.

Fair Aveline, let him go!  
Ere the glow on the mountain flies,  
Ere the morning-glory he holds,  
In its grace so fragile dies,  
Let him go—with those sweet tones thrilling  
His generous heart with joy,  
And thy face in his memory painted,  
The gallant hunter-boy.  
When the sunset's banner of glory  
Floats over the distant hill,  
He will come with the day's proud story  
Thy maiden heart to thrill;  
And the dreams, the flower unfolding  
Sent out of its fairy vase,  
Shall be something more than visions  
With thy sweet favor and grace;  
And the home that thy lover saw  
Arise in the charmed air,  
With thee at the threshold standing,  
In sober truth shall be there;  
So, Aveline, let him go,  
Ere the vision around him flies,  
Ere over the hill or within his hand  
The flower of morning dies.



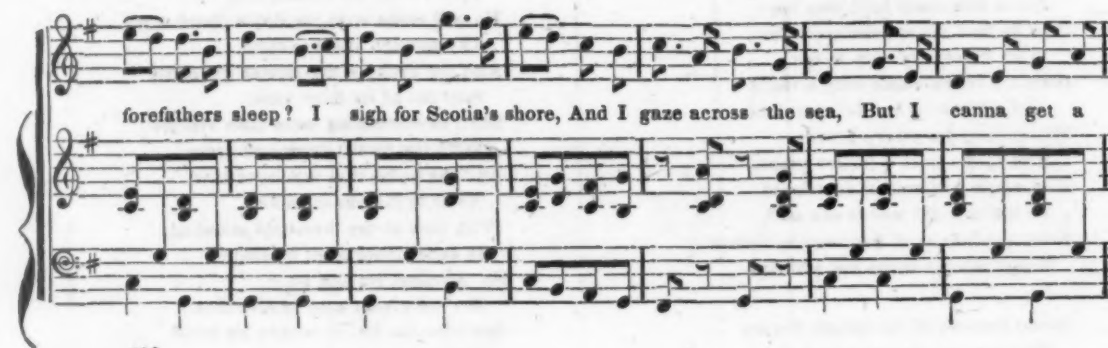
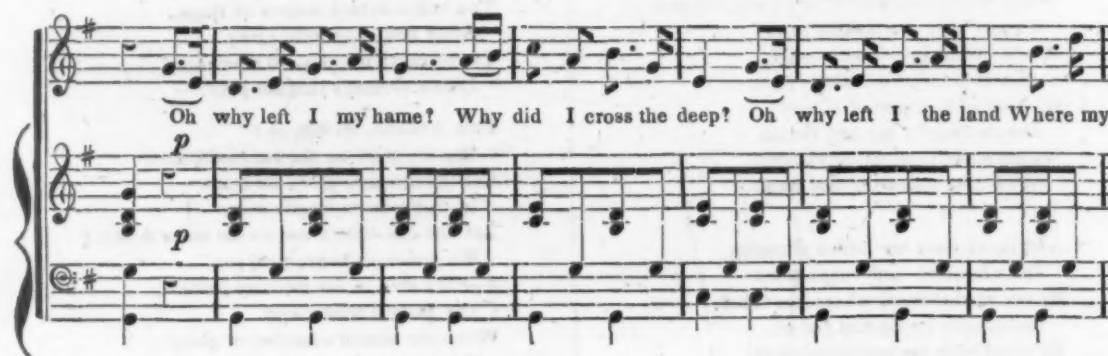
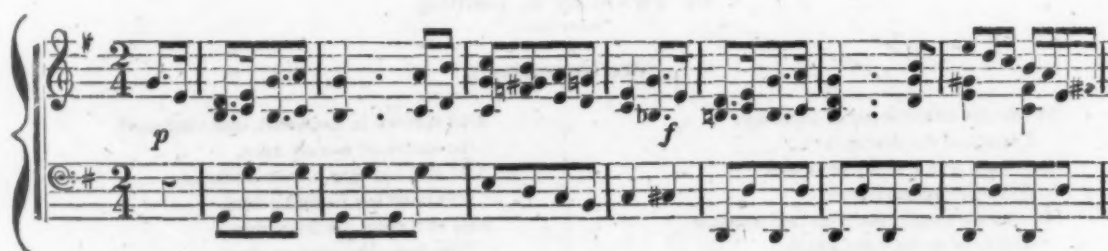
# OH, WHY LEFT I MY HAME.

WORDS BY

R. GILFILLAN, ESQ.

MELODY BY

P. MC. LEOD, ESQ.



blink O my ain countrie. *The* *p*

palm tree waveth high, And fair the myrtle springs, And to the Indian maid *The*

bulbul\* sweetly sings; But I dinna see the broom, Wi' its tassels on the lea, Nor hear the lintie's

sang O' my ain countrie. *f*

\* The Indian Nightingale.

There's a hope for every woe,  
 And a balm for every pain,  
 But the first joys of our heart  
 Come never back again.  
 There's a track upon the deep,  
 And a path across the sea,  
 But the weary ne'er return  
 To their ain countrie.

## THE FLORAL CALENDAR.

JUNE.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES RHOADS.

### PETUNIA.

**BOTANICAL CHARACTERISTICS:**—*Class*, PENTANDRIA; *Order*, MONOGYNIA. *Calyx* somewhat tubular, leafy, leaflets lacinated. *Corolla*, funnel-form, and divided into five unequal lobes. *Stamina*, five, unequal, inserted in the middle and within the tube of the corolla. *Ovarium* on disk, having one tooth on each side. *Stigma* capitate. *Capsule* two-valved, seed spherical and netted.



Figure 1, Petunia.

Few plants will so well repay us for the care expended in their cultivation as those belonging to the genus *Petunia*. None are more profuse and constant bloomers, and hardly any surpass them in brilliancy and variety of coloring. The flowers are very large in proportion to the size of the plant, and with a very little care, we may have them during almost the whole year. They are of all shades, from the darkest purple to pure white. If planted in a rich bed, in the open garden, they will bloom all summer and until severe frosts destroy them in the fall. They are easily

propagated by layering. Let a little earth be thrown upon a branch, and in a few weeks it will have taken root, and will be ready for transplanting. These young plants are the best for preserving in the house during winter. They should be taken up into pots, early enough in the fall to enable them to become well established before severe weather comes on. After taking them into the house, which, however, we should delay as long as the weather will permit, we should keep them as long as possible in a room without fire, giving little water, but plenty of light and air. This treatment will make them hardy and firm, and for those which are intended for planting into open ground in the spring, it should be continued all winter, whenever there is no danger of their freezing. If kept more delicately during the winter, they will, when put out in the spring, unless the greatest care is exercised, receive a shock from the change, which, if it does not destroy them, will give them a check from which it will take them long to recover. When designed for blooming in the house during late winter and early spring, they should be kept warmer, and be watered more freely; care being still exercised not to enervate them too much, and to give them fresh air whenever it is practicable so to do.

When grown in the open garden they may be trained to a trellis, or against a wall, but they make by far the most splendid appearance when planted, several varieties or species together, in an open bed, and permitted to intermix their recumbent stems, and spread over the whole surface. When grown for blooming in the house, they should always be trained to a frame. The soil best suited to *Petunias* is a rich and light loam, but they will thrive in almost any kind.

### BUDDING.

Budding is a method of propagating choice varieties of plants, generally those of a woody texture, by the insertion of a leaf-bud and piece of bark of the prized kind, under the bark of one less valuable either of the same species, or of the same natural tribe. I have seen, by means of this operation, several kinds of apples caused to grow upon the same tree, a red and a white rose upon the same bush, seven varieties of *Camellia*



upon one stock, a single tree bearing at the same time plums and peaches, the beautiful double blossoms of a flowering almond borne on a branch of a peach tree, and delicious pears on a stock of quick-set-thorn.

The operation which effects all this, is exceedingly simple. Having selected a twig or shoot of late growth, a sloping cut should be made about an inch below the bud, and another about a half an inch above the bud, the depth of the cut being to the centre of the shoot. You have now in your hand a leaf with a piece of young wood and bark attached. The leaf should be cut off, leaving the petiole or footstalk remain, as shown at *a*, in figure 2. Next make two incisions into

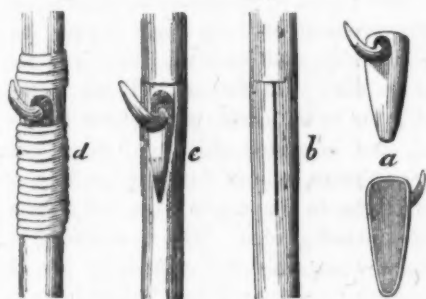


Figure 2, Budding.

the stock, quite through the bark, the one horizontally, and the other perpendicular to it, forming a T, as shown at *b*, in the figure. The wood on the piece of bark which bears the bud should then be taken away. In performing this last operation, the greatest care should be exercised not to pull out the heart, or root of the bud, with the wood, for if this be done the vitality of the bud is destroyed. It is easy to see upon examination whether the heart of the bud has been pulled out or not: if it has been, a small hole running into the bud will be perceived. If the heart is found to be injured or removed, throw away the bud at once and prepare another.

The bud being now ready, the bark of the stock at the incision (*b*) must be carefully raised clear from the wood so as to admit the bud. This may be done with a piece of smooth, hard, sharp edged, and pointed wood. Here also, the greatest care must be taken not to bruise or otherwise injure either the inner coating of the bark or the outer one of the Alburnum or new wood. Now insert the bud with the inner surface of its bark fitting smoothly and closely to the wood of the stock, and draw the open bark of the stock closely and smoothly over it, as shown at *c*, in the figure.

After inserting the bud, cut the upper end of its bark straight across, in such a manner that it will fit exactly the lower edge of the firm bark of the stock immediately above it, and which forms the upper edge of the horizontal line of the T. This also is shown at *c*. All that now remains to be done to complete the operation, is to

take a piece of strong, well-soaked garden matting, and without twisting it, bind it tightly and smoothly around the whole, except the space occupied by the bud and petiole, from about half an inch below the bottom of the long vertical incision, to half an inch above the horizontal incision, as shown at *d*, in the figure.

The bandages will, after a time, require loosening, and shortly afterward to be taken off altogether. The length of these times varies in different plants and different circumstances, in proportion to the rapidity with which the stem increases in diameter. If the plant grows rapidly, and is of a rather soft texture, a few days or a week will be long enough, but if the wood is hard and the plant grows slowly, six weeks or two months may not be too long. Considerable attention is requisite on the part of inexperienced operators respecting this point; for, if the bandages are taken off before the bud is firmly attached to its new parent, it will become loose and fall out, or die, while on the other hand, if they are kept on too long, the great pressure will either kill the bud, or the stock at and above the bound part. The best criterion for determining whether or not it is time to loosen the bandages, is to observe whether the stock has begun to swell above and below the bandages; if it has, they should be loosened or taken off at once; if it has not, they should be permitted to remain longer.

When the plants budded, or inoculated, as the operation is sometimes called, are greenhouse or window plants growing in pots, the whole stock should be cut off about an inch above the bud, as soon as it has commenced growing, but when they are hardy plants growing in the open garden, this heading or decapitation should be delayed until the opening of the succeeding spring. After the heading has been performed, all other buds should be rubbed off the stock as soon as they shoot, except where it is intended that more than one variety should grow upon the same stock.

The season at which budding should be performed is that in which "the sap runs;" that is, when the vessels between the bark and the true wood are full of cambium or sap. Then, and then only, can the wood and bark be separated without injury to either. When a boy can make himself a bark whistle, plants and trees may be budded. For plants and trees growing in the open air, this is the case twice a year; in the spring, and late in the summer, in July and August. The latter season is preferred, because the buds and sap are then in the best condition. In house plants, the sap runs whenever they are starting into active growth, or when after a period of active growth, they are preparing for one of rest. In the former case the sap is ascending, in the latter the cambium or elaborated sap is descending.

By attending to the directions given above, the most unpractised will, with numerous species of

plants, succeed in having most of their buds to grow; but in some there can be but little encouragement given to expect success; with the Camellia, for instance, the most expert will often fail in nine cases out of ten, while almost any one may easily succeed in budding an orange tree.

### CUT FLOWERS.

Nothing contributes more to make a home, and particularly a country home, agreeable, than plenty of flowers, tastefully arranged. I do not now refer to growing plants, but to cut flowers, ornamenting and sweetening the sitting room, or hall, or other apartment, a bouquet or two on the mantle-piece, a saucer full of small, sweet blossoms on the side table, &c. Such flowers, so arranged, can give a cheerful appearance to the plainest and dullest apartment. Many an intelligent lady could testify, that their smiles have more effect in making a husband love his home, than any thing else, except



Figure 3, Vase of Flowers.

her own smiles. I do not intend to-day to attempt to give instruction for the arrangement or choice of cut flowers. I am not able to do so. No one but a woman knows how to do it properly. There is always a stiffness and formality about man's handiwork, which speaks of his pride and stubborn will; but about those of woman there is an indescribable something, that people call delicacy of touch and of taste, which whispers sweetly of her gentle disposition, of her self-forgetfulness and devotion. What I wish to do in this article, is to give a little information respecting the *preservation* of cut flowers, and a hint or two respecting some vases which I have seen used as stands for flowers, in entries, halls and summer houses, in the country. The hint I give by means of an engraving of one of the prettiest of these vases (figure 3.) This vase is double, and both the lower and the upper bowl are filled with flowers. Those in the lower bowl grew in the earth with which it was partly filled, and consisted chiefly of money-wort and other creepers, which hung gracefully over its sides; those in the upper were cut flowers, from a well stocked garden. The vase was of beautiful artificial stone, such as that made by Mr. Dufréne, in Chestnut street near Tenth, Philadelphia, who has vases of that material of various beautiful designs for sale for a few dollars. I have seen other pretty vases made of cast iron and painted, others of bark, and others of hazel, birch and willow rods, with vessels concealed within them for holding earth or water. The rules for preserving cut flowers, I saw some years ago in Mrs. Loudon's "Gardening for Ladies." I have tested them and found them correct. They are as follows;—Do not put in one vessel too many flowers for the quantity of water it contains, change the water every morning, remove every decayed leaf as soon as it appears, and whenever the end of a stem shows symptoms of decay, cut off a small piece. Put a small portion of Nitrate of Soda into every fresh vessel of water, about as much of the Nitrate as can be taken up readily between the thumb and fore finger to a common tumbler-full, and the plants will be preserved in all their beauty, for more than two weeks. Common saltpetre has nearly the same effects, but is not quite so efficacious. If air be excluded by means of a bell glass, the flowers may be preserved fresh for a still longer time.

### SOIL FOR POTTING.

PERSONS cultivating a few plants in common rooms, should be careful to have soil for repotting, prepared at least two summer months before they wish to use it. The manure, mould and other ingredients, should be thoroughly mixed with a spade, heaped up, and left exposed to the weather. Once each week the mass should be turned, and if the season be dry, should be wetted enough to moisten it all through.

## FASHION ARTICLE.

THE prevalence of high dresses, which we noticed last month, has become still more apparent. In the best circles of London and Paris they are now almost universal, except in full evening costume. It is to be remarked, however, that many of them, though very high behind, are sloped a little down in front, and opening, show a chemisette. For trimming, flounces are decidedly more in vogue than any other kind of trimming, and as they are, in reality, the most beautiful and appropriate ornaments for the light fabrics generally worn during summer, it is probable that they will maintain their ascendancy during the whole season. They are of various character. In fact there can hardly be said to be any one kind more worn than another, each lady being left fully at liberty to follow the guidance of her own fancy. Some flounces are broad and others narrow. Some are pinked in scallops or in points, and others again are edged with narrow velvet or soutache. A change too, has become apparent in the length of skirts. There is an evident tendency to make them shorter than those which were worn last year. We are not now able to speak definitely and decidedly as to the extent of this tendency, but we will be prepared to do so next month. Another change which we have noticed, is a partial revival of the very broad hem round the skirt of dresses, which was so much admired a few years ago. This is a style of finishing which we have always thought to be rather clumsy, and we regret to notice the symptoms to which we have just alluded, of its again coming into favour. Another change is the reintroduction of velvet neck-ribands and bracelets for the neck and arms.

We are pleased to see that flowers not only continue to be a favourite ornament, but are becoming more and more in vogue. In the hair, in evening dress, bouquets de corsage, bouquets at the loopings of festoons, flowers as under-trimming to fill up the space afforded by the wide circular fronts of the bonnets now fashionable; flowers almost everywhere that propriety will permit them to be placed, are worn by almost all who dress well. The variety of the flowers worn, is even greater than the number. White flowers and grass intermixed, *fleurs de champ* of all kinds, every variety of heaths, honeysuckles, roses, petunias and convulvuli of different colours, fuschias, and water-lilies are a few of the most popular.

FIGURE 1. *Evening and Ball Costume.*—Two

jupes of pink crape over a slip of the same colour, of either silk or satin. The jupes are trimmed alike, each having three horizontal ruches of crape pinked at the edges. The sleeves very short and trimmed like the skirts, except that the ruches are much narrower. A berthe of pink blonde, open at the shoulders, falls over the corsage, which is entirely plain. To the corsage in front is affixed a bouquet of flowers of the same kind as those worn in the hair. The head-dress is in Paris the most admired of the season. It is composed of a cordon of flowers passing around the torsade and transversely over it. It is called *Coiffure Cerito*, after the popular danseuse of that name, to whom it owes its origin. It is however only Cerito's *arrangement* which has become fashionable. The wreath which she wore, (if we may call that a wreath which partakes so much of the character of a crown,) was composed of simple snowdrops besprinkled with frosting, in imitation of frozen dew. That the flowers represented in our figure, pink convulvulus and heath have supplanted them, is, to us, a matter of regret; for, though pretty and even beautiful, they cannot equal the exquisite grace and elegance of the snowdrops and frost-work. The gloves are short and of white kid; shoes of satin, of the same colour as the dress.

FIGURE 2. *Another Ball and Evening Costume.*—Both this dress and that described above are so beautiful, that it would be a difficult undertaking to decide, which, in itself, is entitled to the preference. It is, however, not necessary for us to attempt to do so; for, those ladies who read our magazine are well aware, that the dress itself is not *all* that should be considered. Complexion, figure, and a variety of other things must be attended to by those who dress well. We therefore give both and leave the choice to others, who have tastes correct enough to enable them to decide for themselves. The robe shown in figure 2, is of rich white satin, trimmed with six flounces of lace of the same colour. The flounces are in pairs and festooned in front. At each point of the festoon is affixed a large red flower, generally a rose, from which depend sprigs of scarlet fuschia. Corsage plain, with an extremely long point in front. Berthe of rich lace gathered up at the shoulders and in the centre of the bosom, by clusters of flowers similar to those on the flounces. A double row of lace trimming on the sleeves, makes them, though short, appear to extend almost to the elbow.





FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

## EVENING AND BALL COSTUMES.

Demi-long white kid gloves, and white satin shoes. With this dress several bracelets should be worn on the arms. Head-dress, a wreath mounted à l'Italienne, and worn rather towards the back of the head.

FIGURE 3. *Costume for the Country.*—This is a most elegant negligé for the country, and one of the best things of its kind we have ever met with. In our climate, it will be found not only highly becoming and graceful, but often exceedingly useful. It may be worn with equal propriety on numerous occasions in country life. It is suited for a morning seat in the drawing-room or hall, for an afternoon stroll over the lawn, or for a moonlight evening in the piazza. Though somewhat too heavy

for the warmest days, it makes both a more comfortable and a more *à propos* habit for three-fourths of those we spend in the country, than any of lighter fabric. It consists of a double jupe of lavender-coloured cachmere. The under jupe is trimmed around the lower part with braid of the same colour as the dress, but a shade darker. Four rows of the braid pass horizontally around the skirt, the three lower ones straight, and the upper zigzag in points. The space between the lowest two rows is occupied with other rows of braid crossing in diamonds. The upper jupe has similar trimming, passing not only around the lower part, but also up the front to the waist, from an offset at which it passes up the corsage, and around the



FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

COSTUME FOR THE COUNTRY.

DINNER DRESS AND EVENING NEGLIGE.

rolling or turnover collar, with which the corsage is finished at the throat and around the neck. The front edges of the open upper jupe are connected by crossings of cord with tassels. The sleeves are straight and loose their whole length, with trimming of braid and tassels at their lower part. Full under sleeves of white muslin, confined at the wrists by plain bands.

**FIGURE 4. Dinner Dress and Evening Negligé.**—An exceedingly full skirt of striped satin; colours, Pomona green and white. Each white stripe is varied with several small clusters of red roses. A basquine of the same material as the dress, sloped to a point in front of the bosom, and just meeting at the waist, constitutes the corsage. Though the skirt is altogether without trimming of any kind, the basquine is profusely trimmed

with black lace, very rich, and nearly half-a-quarter deep. Two rows of this lace cover the sleeves, and three rows fall over the shoulders, narrowing, however, as they advance to the front of the bosom. Long pagoda sleeves of white lace are worn under the short sleeves of the basquine. The chemisette is of lace or muslin, cut square in front and drawn in horizontal rows, separated by insertion of lace or needlework. The back hair is in tight torsades, that in front is curled in small ringlets. Over each ear are ringlet ornaments of very narrow velvet riband, of any colour, but generally crimson, curled in imitation of the hair-ringlets just mentioned, and intermingling with those adjacent. These velvet curls have a light and at the same time rich appearance.

A. B. C.

## EDITORIAL.

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE has now been published six months under its present name and management.—During this brief period its circulation has increased from less than seven thousand to more than twenty thousand. This is a rate of increase, we venture to say, unparalleled in the history of similar enterprises. It has been accomplished, too, in the face of the warmest and not always the most generous rivalry. Our object, however, has been, not to put other Magazines down, but to establish our own. It is not the belief of any one connected with Sartain's Magazine, either as editor or proprietor, that its success depends upon the rise or fall of others, but upon its own independent course. To that alone, as our readers will bear us witness, our attention has thus far been directed. To that alone we shall address ourselves hereafter.

No Number of the Magazine heretofore issued has presented a more agreeable variety than the present. In proof of this, we appeal with great confidence to the illustrations and to the table of contents, or rather to the contents themselves. The reader will find there some of the most distinguished names in American literature, and many beautiful gems of thought, both prose and verse, suited to gratify his taste and improve his heart.

### Notices of Arts and Artists.

**ROTHERMEL.**—Rothermel belongs to the very foremost rank of living historical painters in this country, and in the opinion of many of those best able to form a correct judgment, takes the lead of all. If this last position admits of some question, it is at least conceded, that the constant and marked improvement displayed in each successive product of his pencil, leaves no doubt as to the place hereafter to be occupied by this persevering student of the highest and most difficult branch of the Fine Arts. The career of Rothermel towards mastery in his profession has been quite unlike that of the admired Leutze, who some ten or twelve years ago rose so suddenly to eminence, evincing an almost *intuitive* perception of all that is charming in color and effect, and then afterwards when matured knowledge came through the close study and discipline of the German school to which he betook him, the *peculiar* charm of his first style of coloring declined or disappeared. Rothermel's has been a steady onward progress, commencing without remarkable promise, and moving on to his present elevated position slowly but firmly, and without the help of any of those fortunate accidents or sudden surprises that sometimes shorten the journey up the hill to "Fame's proud temple." Intent only on improvement and the overcoming of difficulties, each new work became a study for the omission of any defect that his own reflection or the criticism of others may have detected in the preceding picture. Hence all his productions are thoroughly elaborated, bearing none of the marks of being hastily thrown off, and consequently wear well. A picture dashingly painted has a very captivating

appearance at first from its apparent facility of execution, but the charm soon departs.

The subject of our present notice attained the age of manhood before turning his attention to the art. He became for six months a pupil of Bass Otis the portrait painter, who at an earlier day had also been the preceptor of Neagle. The works of both pupils are evidence enough how little they could have derived from their instructor. The first work of his that appeared in a public exhibition was a portrait in the Annual Collection of the Artist's Fund Society for 1839, after which the gallery of that institution regularly contained one or more specimens of his increasing skill: but it was not until the spring of 1843 when his picture of the "Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto" was exhibited, that the public mind was decidedly attracted to the new rising star. Nevertheless the work left the Gallery unsold, the common fate of pictures in a *Philadelphia* gallery; but on its appearance in the National Academy of Design in New York the following year, it was immediately purchased by the American Art-Union, and about the same time his brother artists of Philadelphia elected him Vice President of their society. From this time forward until lately his pencil was mostly employed on subjects taken from the history of the early settlement and conquest of this country by the Spaniards; at first from his own choice, but afterwards owing to a number of commissions from gentlemen of taste in the arts, who expressed a preference for that class of subject. A picture painted in 1845 for Mr. John Towne of Philadelphia is one of the exceptions, entitled "The Noble Moringers' Return," and is remarkable on account of its marvellous harmony of color and richness and unity of tone. "The Surrender of Guatemozin" belongs to this period and was painted for that generous, warm-hearted and discriminating patron of genius, Professor James J. Mapes of New York; it was exhibited at the National Academy of Design, and was a gorgeous and magnificent production in composition, color, and light and shade, while in the character and expression of the individual figures there was nothing to be regretted. The largest of the series of Mexican pictures was that of "Cortez directing the burning of his Fleet," a commission from Mr. James Robb of New Orleans; this was a work of the very highest class, and appears to have produced the order from another eminent patron of art, the late Dr. Binney of Boston, which was filled by the painting of "Noche Tristes," (The Melancholy Night.) In the foreground of this work was a group of two soldiers disputing, which dwells in our memory as remarkable even amongst the many remarkable groups in the long catalogue of pictures by this artist of which these now enumerating form but a small portion. One of the last of these subjects was that of "The launching of the Brigantines" on the Lake Tezcuco prior to the attack on the city of Mexico, painted for Mr. Latrobe of Baltimore and exhibited last year in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. It was there hung so as to form a companion to Leutze's admired and deservedly famous picture of "Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella after his first return from the New World," the property of Mr. James T. Furness of this city, for whom it was painted. The manner in which these two pictures were arranged so that both could be seen at one view, was at once a severe test for the former and an interesting



opportunity for comparison, and notwithstanding the excellence of the Columbus in some particulars, the Cortez was its superior in breadth and general unity of effect. Both pictures were crowded with multitudes of figures, but it was only in the Columbus that any tendency to spottiness or confusion was perceptible. The result of this exhibition was highly gratifying to the friends and admirers of Rothermel, while it detracted nothing from the established reputation of Leutze.

### Books.

*The Female Poets of America.* By Rufus Wilmot Griswold. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

The publication almost simultaneously of three large collections of poetry, such as Read's, Griswold's, and Caroline May's, certainly indicates the existence of poetical talent among the women of the United States, and of its being appreciated. Mr. Griswold's book is a large sized octavo of four hundred pages, closely printed with double columns, and contains specimens of the writings of more than ninety writers, not one of whom we would care to see displaced. The extracts from each author are prefaced with a biographical and critical notice by the editor. There is also a preface to the whole volume, giving some general views in regard to the character of American female authorship, and written with ability, though in its allusions to the two rival publications not in the very best taste. The book is adorned with six fine steel engravings all of high artistic merit. One of them in particular, "The Country Maiden" engraved by Cheney, is an exquisite work of art. In his collection of materials and in his critical remarks, the editor has shown both industry and taste, and a hand practised in the work. If his evident partiality for some two or three writers has led in their case to extravagant expressions of praise, to which all his readers may not respond, it has not on the other hand, so far as we can see, led to any disparagement of others less favored. The reader, even where he differs from the editor in his estimate of the extracts given, may nevertheless be grateful for the materials which the book undoubtedly affords for forming opinions of his own.

*Confidential Disclosures, or, Memoirs of my Youth.* By Alphonse de Lamartine. 291 pp. 12 mo. D. Appleton & Co. The same, 110 pp. 8 vo. Harper & Brothers, New York.

We have received copies of two editions of the above work, from two of the leading book publishing houses of the United States. The one first named is printed uniformly with Appleton's Library of Choice Reading, the other is uniform with Harper's Library of Cheap Novels.

In the preface, the author in a way peculiar to himself shadows forth, rather than describes, the origin of his book. He gives us very distinctly to understand that it sprang from pecuniary necessities—that to save from alienation his patrimonial acres, he had after many inward compunctions, mortgaged himself to the book-sellers, coining for their benefit the most sensitive part of his very being. The little work now offered as the result of this contract, is a history not so much of facts and incidents, as of feelings. It gives us, in a series of lively pictures, the personal history of Lamartine before he came to be a great man, or a great poet—his loves, his hopes, his fears, his despondencies—the complete pathology, in short, of the affections of a highly sensitive mind during the most sensitive stage of its existence.

*The Philosophy of Religion.* By J. D. Morell, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849. 359 pp. 12 mo.

The author admits in the beginning of his preface that

he has not attempted to make a popular book. He professes to have examined the subject from a purely philosophical point of view, aiming at that ultimate analysis of the human constitution which leads into the highest and most abstruse regions of metaphysical inquiry. His previous studies in the preparation of his excellent work on the History of Modern Philosophy have given him special fitness for an investigation such as he has here presented. It is a subject as difficult as it is important. Christianity, as a working system, if we may be excused the expression, is eminently personal and practical, a religion of concrete symbols and positive ordinances. But it has, at the same time, a deep substratum of doctrinal truth underlying this visible surface. To show the connection and the harmony of the positive precepts of religion with the abstract doctrines that they imply, and with the general formulas of universal truth, is no easy task. Mr. Morell has addressed himself to the work with earnestness, in a spirit of candor and sobriety, and with most happy results. His work is a truly valuable addition to the sciences both of mental philosophy and of theology.

*The Shaksperian Reader: a collection of the most approved Plays of Shakspeare, prepared expressly for the use of Classes, and the Family Reading circle.* By W. S. Hows, Professor of Elocution in Columbia College. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 447 pp. 12 mo.

This volume contains the main parts of sixteen of the immortal dramas, carefully "expurgated" on the plan of Bowdler's Shakspeare, in order to fit them for indiscriminate use in families and schools. Those who wish to use Shakspeare in this way, could not probably find a copy better suited to their purpose.

*The American Bee Keeper's Manual;* By T. B. Miner. New York: C. M. Saxton. 349 pp. 12 mo.

Mr. Miner, in the preparation of his book, has had the advantage of a large and very successful experience, having been engaged many years in the management and study of the honey bee. He discusses the subject practically rather than scientifically, although his book is far from being deficient in science. The naturalist will find in it many careful observations of the habits of that wonderful animal, the bee, while the practical "apiarian" will be furnished with the most approved methods of culture. The book is illustrated with thirty-five engravings, put in, not for pictorial effect, but to explain the text.

*Epidemic Cholera: its History, Causes, Pathology, and Treatment.* By C. B. Coventry, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics &c., in Geneva College. Buffalo: George H. Derby & Co. 119 pp. 12 mo.

In the summer of 1831, when the Cholera made its appearance in Montreal, Professor Coventry was requested by the municipal authorities of the city of Utica to make a report on the subject for their information. When the disease appeared in Albany and New York, he was sent to those places to make further observations and inquiries. When again it appeared in Europe in 1847-8, he was requested by the Medical Faculties of Geneva and Buffalo to pursue his investigations and report. The present essay is a digest of the facts and views given in these several reports. The Doctor, as the result of his inquiries, expresses the assured conviction, that the want of success in the treatment of cholera does not arise so much from want of skill in the practitioner, or from inefficiency in the means at his disposal, as in some cases from the suddenness of the attack by which the patient is almost immediately beyond the reach of medicine, and in others from the absence of pain in the first stage of the disease, which leads the patient to think there is no danger and to neglect treatment until it is too late.

*The Gold Mines of Gila.* By Charles W. Webber. 2 vols. 12 mo. Price 25 cts. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.

This book reads as though it was written on horseback. The author is at full gallop from the beginning to the end of the volume. He writes in a slap-dash style, which, if it is not legitimate literature, is certainly very funny, very readable, and we doubt not very saleable. The book is a graphic account of one expedition to California, with a tempting programme for another.

*Annual Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the year 1847.* Washington: Printed by order of Congress.

The Patent Office has gradually become the exponent of the inventive and industrial genius of the country. The annual reports of the Commissioner embrace an exhibit of whatever is new in every department of productive industry. They are therefore valuable documents, whether for immediate practical purposes, or as a record of the progress of science applied to the arts. The Report now just published, exhibits the Department in a very flourishing condition. It is printed, like all our Congressional documents, in wretched style, contrasting sadly with those publications which are the fruit of private enterprise.

*Franklin Illustrated; Part VII., 25cts.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

*Memoirs of a Preacher.* By George Lippard. Phila. Joseph Severns & Co. 94pp. 8vo., with illustrations.

*Ellen Wareham, or, Love and Duty; another novel by Ellen Pickering.* Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. Price 25cts.

**SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR APRIL.—Contents:**

1. Whately's Political Economy; 2. Modern Prose Fiction; 3. Origin of the war with Mexico; 4. Guizot's Democracy in France; 5. Slavery and the Abolitionists; 6. Railroad and Canal Routes to California; 7. Literary Notices, &c.

**METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR APRIL.—Contents:**

1. Plan and Structure of the Book of Ecclesiastes; 2. Physical Cause of the Death of Christ; 3. The Duty of Fasting; 4. Carlyle's Works; 5. Spiritual Heroes; 6. The Philosophy of Language; 7. Otto Von Gerlack's Commentary on the New Testament; 8. The Methodist Church South; 9. Religious Training; 10. Noel on Church and State; 11. Critical Notices, &c.

**AMERICAN QUARTERLY REGISTER, No. III.—Contents.**

1. Historical Register of 1848, (p. 1—55,) 2. Statistics, (p. 66—125) 3. Original Communications (p. 126—190,) 4. Miscellaneous, (p. 191—212,) 5. Poetry, (p. 213—220,) 6. Quarterly Chronicle for December, January, and February, (p. 221—243,) 7. Obituary Notices, (p. 243—256,) 8. Documents, (p. 256—304.) *This is a work of uncommon excellence and value.*

*Journal of the Franklin Institute for April.*

*First Report of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, (will be noticed hereafter.)*

*The Messenger Bird for April. A new Periodical by the Alumnae of the Brooklyn Female Academy.*

*Eighth Annual Report of the Phila. Sabbath Association.*

*The Western Literary Messenger for April. Buffalo.*

*The Southern Literary Messenger for April. Richmond.*

*The Prisoner's Friend for April. Boston.*

*Speech of Mr. Jefferson Davis in the Senate of the United States, Feb. 19, on the United States Coast Survey, (will be noticed hereafter.)*

*Report of Professor Alexander D. Bache, Superintendent of Weights and Measures. (will be noticed hereafter.)*

*The American Law Journal for April. Phila.*

*The New England Offering for April. Lowell.*

## Literary Intelligence.

BOOKS IN PRESS, OR JUST PUBLISHED.

**Harper & Brothers:**—Copeland's Dictionary of Practical Medicine, edited by Charles A. Lee, M. D., 3 vols. 8vo., \$16; The History of Pendennis, a new fiction by Thackeray; A continuation of Abbot's biographical series, embracing in addition to those already published, the Lives of Charles II., Julius Caesar, Marie Antoinette, Mary Queen of Scots, Richard I., Richard III., Alfred the Great, William the Conqueror, Darius and Xerxes; a new Latin-English Lexicon by Prof. Andrews based on the German work of Freund, and an English-Latin Lexicon by Riddle and Arnold, based on the German of Georges; a History of the United States from its settlement to the time of the adoption of the Constitution, by Richard Hildreth, 3 vols. 8vo; an Encyclopædia of Biography, Ancient and Modern, 3 vols. 8vo; a History of Wonderful Inventions, 2 vols. 12mo; My Uncle the Curate, a novel; Carlyle's Prose Translation of Dante's Inferno, 18mo; The Incarnation, or Pictures of the Virgin and her Son, by the Rev. Charles Beecher, with an Introductory Essay by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe; Roland Cashel completed; Giesler's Compendium of Ecclesiastical History, 8vo., translated from the German by Samuel Davidson, LL. D., of Edinburgh.

**John Wiley:**—Lindley's Theory of Horticulture, edited by A. J. Downing; Captain Claridge's Guide to Hydropathy; Johnson's Domestic Practice of Hydropathy; a new work by Dr. Cheever, 12mo; Memoir of David Hale, by the Rev. Joseph P. Thompson; Mrs. Eastman's Legends of the Daheotahs with an Introduction by Mrs. Kirkland; Downing's Country House, a Supplement to the Fruit and Fruit Trees of America; Tupper's Poetical Works; Knight's Half Hours with the best authors.

**Gould, Kendall & Lincoln:**—Comparative Physical Geography, considered in its relation to the History of Mankind, by Arnold Guyot, translated by Prof. Felton, 12mo; History of American Baptist Missions, by Prof. Gammel of Brown University; Sacred Rhetoric, an essay on the composition and delivery of Sermons, by Prof. Henry J. Ripley; Republican Christianity, by Edward L. Magoon.

**Little & Brown:**—Life and Works of John Adams, edited by his grandson Charles Francis Adams, 10 vols. 8vo., \$2.50 per vol.

**Derby, Miller & Co:**—Life of John Quincy Adams, 12mo; The Clerk's Assistant, by J. S. Jenkins, 8vo.

**Robert Carter & Brothers:**—The Girls' Book by Mrs. Sigourney; the Boys' Book by the same; Young's Night Thoughts, 16mo. with portrait; Complete Works of Henry Kirke White, 1 vol. 8vo; McGhee's Exposition of Ephesians, 1 vol. 8vo; Rutherford's Letters, 1 vol. 8vo; Cowper's Poetical Works, 2 vols. 16mo; Discourses by the Living Divines of England, 1 vol. 8vo; Sketches of Sermons on the Miracles, 1 vol. 12mo; Leigh Richmond's Domestic Portraiture, 1 vol. 12mo; Opie on Lying, 18mo.

**Barrington & Haswell:**—Dietetic and Medical Hydrology, a treatise on Baths and Mineral waters, by John Bell, M. D.

**Lea & Blanchard:**—Narrative of the U. S. Expedition to the Dead Sea and River Jordan, by W. F. Lynch, U. S. N. Commander of the Expedition. 1 vol. 8vo. 450 pp. with maps of the Dead Sea and Jordan, and numerous plates; Memoir of the Life of William Wirt, by John P. Kennedy, with a portrait; Moore's Melodies, Splendid illustrated edition, in imperial 4to., with ten steel plates in the highest style of art; Atlas to Dana on Zoophytes, being Vol. IX. of the Publications of the U. S. Exploring Expedition, in imperial folio, with 60 very beautiful colored plates; Principles of the Mechanics of Machinery and Engineering, by Julius Weisbach, translated by Professor Gordon, of Glasgow, and edited by Professor W. R. Johnson, of Washington, 2 vols. 8vo. with 350 illustrations in wood.

**Wilkins, Carter & Co:**—Universal History, by S. G. Goodrich, (Peter Parley) 2 vols. royal 8vo., double columns, with numerous maps and engravings.



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